

SEPTEMBER 1960

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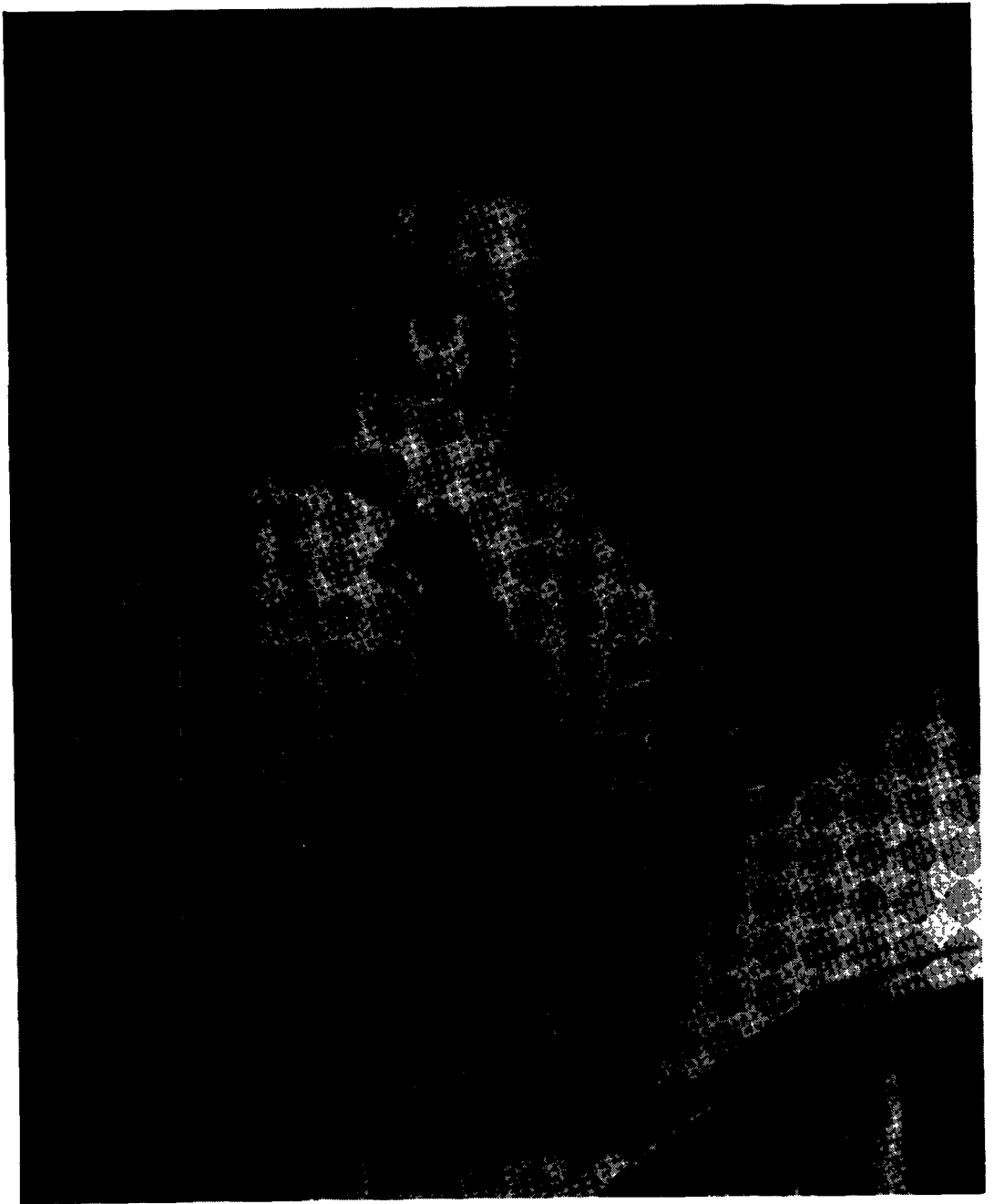
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Commentary

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THE ISSUE : SEPTEMBER 1960

Those liberals who have expressed disgust at the “undemocratic rigging” of the conventions and the resultant mediocrity of the two nominees may have to console themselves—if they wish to console themselves at all—with the reflection that Kennedy and Nixon represent pretty much what the American people seem to want at the moment. It might even be said that ultimately they were nominated *because* they answer so well to the demands of the national mood. After all, each party not only took a certain risk—the Republicans in turning away from a sure winner like Rockefeller and the Democrats in nominating a Roman Catholic—but deliberately passed over two candidates endowed with charisma and apparent stature to choose two others conspicuously lacking in either charisma or stature. Why? One possible answer is that Rockefeller and Stevenson were disqualified by precisely those virtues that have inspired the enthusiasm of their admirers—the relative clarity and firmness of their views on foreign policy. Rockefeller, with his campaign for bomb shelters, greater defense expropriations, and the resumption of nuclear tests, has become the symbol of an intensified militancy in the cold war; Stevenson, by contrast, has more and more stressed the need for disarmament and a general settlement of the cold war. It is impossible to offer so definite a characterization of either Nixon or Kennedy. Nixon has taken great care to soften the image of belligerency he once took such great pains to cultivate, while Kennedy’s voting record and his public pronouncements add up to nothing more than a pious acknowledgement that military strength and negotiation are equally important.

In other words, unlike Rockefeller and Stevenson, neither Nixon nor Kennedy holds out the promise of any major change in the general lines of our present foreign policy, and in nominating them, the two parties have in effect refused to say what alternatives to containment and the arms race they propose to explore. At the same time, however, by nominating two young and enormously energetic men, they have also contrived to suggest, as it were symbolically, that a new approach can be expected. It is this combination of the hope implicit in youth and energy that something fresh and vigorous will be done, along with the vagueness in the pronouncements of the two candidates as to the content of that “something” (both Nixon and Kennedy act and talk as though they were positively determined to prevent us from finding out where they stand on foreign policy), which seems to me to reflect the national mood so perfectly. There is clearly a great uneasiness throughout the country over our present foreign policy combined with an even greater fear of exploring alternatives to it, and in choosing between Nixon and Kennedy, the voters have an opportunity to express their desire for a new approach without having to decide in which direction it ought to move.—N.P.

(a)

Is "Integration" Possible

in the New York Schools?

NATHAN GLAZER

IT is now more than six years since "integration" became an issue in the New York City school system; and, very likely, at the start of the new school term some of New York's Negro parents—for the third time in a row—will stage a "strike," and keep their children from attending the all-Negro (or nearly all-Negro) schools of their own neighborhoods on the ground that the education to be got there is inferior.

One way or another, "integration" has become an important issue in every Northern and Western city in which there are large numbers of Negroes and (as in New York) Puerto Ricans or (in California and elsewhere) Mexicans. The constellation of forces and problems is in each situation different—and in describing what is happening in New York, I am not necessarily tracing any general pattern. What happens in New York is important enough by itself: here is the city with the largest population in the country, the largest

number of Negroes, the largest number of Puerto Ricans. The New York school system had, at the beginning of the school year in 1959, 626 elementary schools, 127 junior high schools, 86 high schools. It comprises almost 1,000,000 students, has 45,000 employees, and spends \$400,000,000 a year. Sixty new school buildings were opened in the three years 1957–1959.

I point all this out not to dazzle the reader with figures, but rather to show that there can be no comparison between New York's school problems and those of a community with, let us say, a half dozen schools, where citizens are in direct control of school planning through their power to elect school board officials, to approve or disapprove bond issues, and the like. In such a community, the citizen voting on a bond issue for a new school knows in advance just where the school will be, and what effect, if any, its location will have on segregating or integrating Negro students; such knowledge presumably plays a role in how the vote goes. So, for example, in Malverne, Long Island, when a school bond issue for a new school was voted down last March, the outcome was seen as a defeat for segregation—though conceivably other issues were involved.

There can be no such clear-cut victories

NATHAN GLAZER, author of *American Judaism*, is at work on a book about the ethnic groups of New York City. The volume *Studies in Housing and Minority Groups*, recently issued by the University of California Press, was edited by him together with Davis McEntire.

and defeats in New York City. Perhaps in frustration, many people act as if New York were Malverne, and as if some single decision on zoning, or school building, or teacher placement would radically transform the educational system. The matter, unfortunately, is not so simple.

The story begins with the Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954, outlawing segregation. What was involved, of course, was the formal and legal segregation of the Southern and Border states. However, a month later, Professor Kenneth Clark of City College, a psychologist whose studies on the development of Negro children in the South had played a role in the Supreme Court decision, asserted: "It would be a mistake to assume that the content and spirit of the . . . decision apply only to the Southern states that have laws which require segregation. As I understand the decision, the United States Supreme Court has clearly stated that segregation itself damages the personality of human beings. The court did not limit itself to the statement that only legal segregation is detrimental to the human personality. It was explicit . . . in stating that various forms of racial segregation are damaging to the human spirit. . . ."

THERE is of course no formal segregation in the New York City schools. But there are great numbers of Negroes and Puerto Ricans in certain areas—concentrations which partly exist because these groups meet discrimination in their efforts to rent or buy houses in many other sections of the city. For despite a city ordinance forbidding it, discrimination in housing is still widespread, and in any case the residential patterns created by it still persist. These concentrations have an equally important cause in the poverty of Negroes and Puerto Ricans, a fact which automatically eliminates the great majority of them from large sections of the city. Finally, the Negro and Puerto Rican concentrations have a happier, positive

aspect, reflecting ties to family, friends, institutions—a community.

Professor Clark opened the integration issue in New York schools in the wake of the Supreme Court decision. He spoke of segregation in the North as well as in the South—and there is no question that there are 100 per cent Negro and 100 per cent white schools in the North, as in the South. But there is a decisive difference between the two situations. Because segregation is *legally* imposed in the South, and because the whole tendency of the American creed opposes legal distinctions made between human beings of different races and ethnic groups, it is necessary to strike down segregation in the Southern schools on moral and political grounds, independently of any effect such separation might have on education. Even if the Southern states had given superior education to Negroes in their separate schools (and in their frantic efforts to bring up the miserably poor quality of Negro schooling to avoid a negative Supreme Court ruling, many Southern states were beginning to spend a good deal more on Negro schools), it would still have been necessary to abolish this legal separation by public authority.

But in the North the concentration of Negroes and whites into separate schools was the effect of other social forces. There was no claim by Northern political bodies that they had any moral or political right to enforce such a separation. The situation was similar to the concentration of Jews in the schools of the Lower East Side in 1910, or of Italians in the schools of "Little Italy" around the same time. I emphasize this difference between the Northern and Southern states because I think the application of the term "segregation" to both introduces a radical confusion. In a word, the difference is: Southern segregation has to be abolished *independently* of its impact on education; Northern school concentration becomes a problem that demands action primarily *because* it may lead to inferior education for Negro children.

If the concentration of Negroes in certain Northern schools were not simply the product of their residential concentration, and if school zones were gerrymandered by political authorities so as to increase the separation of Negro and white children, then the situation would be comparable to that in the South. Indeed many observers believed this to be the case in New York City; it is certainly the case in other Northern places. But Professor Clark raised only the question of the quality of education that Negro children were getting or could get in Northern de facto "segregated" schools. And the day after Professor Clark's speech, the president of the Board of Education of New York City requested the Public Education Association to investigate the status of the education of Negro and Puerto Rican children in the city.

THE report was submitted a year later. It compared schools with a high concentration of Negroes and Puerto Ricans (more than 90 per cent Negro and Puerto Rican if they were elementary schools, more than 85 per cent Negro and Puerto Rican if they were junior high schools), with schools with a low concentration of Negroes and Puerto Ricans (less than 10 per cent Negro and Puerto Rican). There were then 49 of these high-concentration schools—somewhat less than 10 per cent of the total number of schools in the city. (It should also be pointed out that only about a third of the Negro and Puerto Rican children in the city attended these high-concentration schools.) The comparison proved interesting.

It turned out that while slightly less was spent on the education of children in the high-concentration elementary schools than those in the other schools (\$185 to \$195 per child), the situation was reversed in the junior high schools (\$252 per child in the high-concentration schools, \$244 per child in the other schools). The professional staffs in the high-concentration schools were larger, in-

dicating the need for, and the supply of, more special services. Thus in the high-concentration elementary schools, there were 25.8 children per professional position, in the other elementary schools, 28.7; in the high-concentration junior high schools, 19.4 children per professional position, in the others, 22.7.

Two objective indices stamped the schools with high proportions of Negroes and Puerto Ricans as being inferior: they were on the average older (43 years as against 31 years for the elementary schools; 35 as against 15 years for the junior high schools). And there were fewer regular teachers in the high-concentration schools, more substitute teachers.

On the crucial question of zoning, the report stated that no attempted "equalization" of Negro-Puerto Rican and "other" children seemed to play any role in setting up zones, nor did any attempt to keep the groups separate play any such role. It asserted: "There is no significant evidence to indicate that ethnic separation is seriously considered in drawing school district boundary lines."

At this point, the Board of Education might well have said, well, that's that. We spend as much on the Negro and Puerto Rican children as we do on the others; we give them more services; if their schools are older, this is an unfortunate consequence of the fact that they live in older neighborhoods; and if they are inferior in academic achievement (as they were), this is owing to lower I.Q.'s, language difficulties, poor home environment, and the host of factors, known and unknown, that differentiate children of different backgrounds in academic achievement. Indeed, when one looks at this report, the only conceivable legitimate ground for complaint was to be found in the distribution of regular teachers. Some of the more skeptical among us might even wonder whether the older, regular teachers, would do any better with Negro and Puerto Rican children, than the younger "substitutes" (who in effect are regular

employees, with full teaching loads, but without the teacher's license, which is often dependent on meeting the requirements imposed by the teaching guild, requirements whose relation to teaching ability is open to question). But here was a point at which, if more regular teachers meant improvement, then improvement, despite the difficulties of shifting older, established teachers with tenure, was possible.

BUT WE must separate the issue of "segregation" from that of education: regardless of what the study showed as to the *education* of Negro and Puerto Rican children, the fact remained that large numbers of them were in schools with very few continental white children—and this was, in terms of political impact, the real issue. The president of the Board of Education is a political appointee; even if he were not, the head of an enterprise of the size of the New York City schools would have to keep political realities continually in mind. Even before the report of the Public Education Association was presented, it was decided that something must be done to further integrate the New York schools, and a Commission on Integration was set up. Subcommissions worked on the problems of educational standards and curriculum: Guidance; Educational Stimulation and Placement; Teachers Assignment and Personnel; Community Relations and Information; Zoning; and Physical Plant and Maintenance. The individual subcommission reports were submitted to the Board between March 1956 and June 1957; the final report was submitted in July 1958. And now, two years later, we have a huge progress report: "Toward Greater Opportunity," subtitled "A Progress Report from the Superintendent of Schools to the Board of Education Dealing with Implementation of Recommendations of the Commission on Integration."

The crux of the matter politically has always been, and still remains, zoning.

The Board of Education, despairing over effecting any really satisfying changes through zoning, keeps on emphasizing programs to raise the level of education and services in schools that will have to remain largely Puerto Rican and Negro. But this does not get it off the political hook. It is caught in the dilemma of a political demand that is simple and clear—no all-Negro schools—but a demand which it cannot meet since the huge residential concentrations of Negroes and Puerto Ricans in effect must mean many largely Puerto Rican and Negro schools.

And despite laws against residential and occupational discrimination, which should serve to upgrade the economic level of Puerto Ricans and Negroes, and spread them more evenly through the city, the situation cannot undergo any great change. For—and this is the most striking and important fact in the report on the progress of integration—*three-quarters* of the school children of Manhattan are Negro and Puerto Rican; *two-fifths* of the school children of greater New York are Negro and Puerto Rican. If by an elaborate process of busing and pupil assignment it were possible to evenly distribute the Negro and Puerto Rican children throughout the city—taking the children of Brooklyn into Queens, the children from Manhattan into the Bronx, and then alternatively bringing the children of the Bronx and Queens into Brooklyn and Manhattan, etc., etc.—then Negro and Puerto Rican children would make up two-fifths of the total in every school in the city.

But even this theoretically perfect situation could not be maintained for long—the numbers of Negro and Puerto Rican children in the city are increasing rapidly. The Puerto Rican birth rate is much higher than the Negro birth rate, which is higher than the white birth rate. Migratory trends are harder to estimate, but it is certain that Negro and Puerto Rican increase through immigration, and white decrease through out-migration, will continue. In effect, the notion that much

would be accomplished by the redistribution of a declining number of continental white school children is an illusion.

Meanwhile, no one—including the Board of Education—has offered evidence that there is any relation at all between the educational outcome, for Negroes and Puerto Ricans, and schools in which they form 80 or 90 per cent of the population, as against schools in which they make up 40 per cent of the population. All this leaves aside the question of whether the educational outcome for "other" children in schools where these "others" form a minority or half of the school population is worse than in schools in which they form 80 or 90 per cent of the school population. We may, for all we know, be facing one of those dilemmas in which the improvement of the education of Negro and Puerto Rican children through redistribution is accompanied by a poorer educational outcome for white children. But on this question our knowledge is a complete blank.

Meanwhile, despite the absence of any data, the Board of Education has taken the position that an even mixture of groups is educationally desirable—that, to quote the resolution setting up the Commission on Integration, "racially homogeneous schools are undesirable." This means all-white as well as all-Negro schools. And the report before us indicates how extended have been the Board's efforts to promote such an even distribution.

While the Board considers distribution in the siting of new schools, the change in population is so rapid, and length of time between planning and opening so great, that very often a school planned for a fringe area, for heterogeneity, opens up finally in a mostly Negro or Puerto Rican area. The Board also considers distribution in setting up zones for old schools; but, as we have indicated, and to put it crudely, there are generally not enough "other" children to go around. The battles that take place between principals and parent groups of various schools over the rela-

tively small numbers of continental white children would be comic—if they were not rather pitiful. And in the end, any victories are likely to be Pyrrhic ones. The assignment of a few blocks containing fifty "other" children to a school that is largely Negro and Puerto Rican does not necessarily mean an increase by fifty in the number of "other" children. Maybe only ten or twenty will show up when school opens, and the battle will have been in vain. There are always alternatives for resisting parents—parochial and private schools (which enroll one-third of the children of school age in New York City); or the move to the suburbs—precipitated, perhaps, by the zoning change.

The Board of Education is unhappily aware of all these problems. If rezoning cannot accomplish much, a certain amount of redistributing of the school population can be done by busing. A thousand children from the heavily Negro Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn are bused to schools in Queens and Brooklyn, and another 400 are bused from Harlem to Yorkville in Manhattan. While overcrowding in some schools and under-utilization in others has been in the past publicly given as the reason for such moves (to quiet agitated parents and community groups), the report of the Commission does include such busing schemes as part of the over-all integration efforts of the schools.

BUT the major problem is still: the poor educational results for Negroes and Puerto Ricans. And here is where the chief efforts of the Board of Education have been applied. One can only say, they are impressive in their scale.

The fact is that the needs of Negro and Puerto Rican children are enormous. Very large numbers come from homes in which they receive no care, are not fed properly, are perhaps abused physically and psychologically. The school may be a haven—but more likely it is another area in which a depressed and miserable existence

is reflected in apathy, outrageous behavior, resistance. Obviously these are not problems peculiar to Negroes or Puerto Ricans—but equally obviously, the highest incidence of such problems occurs in that part of the city's population. All this is aside from special factors affecting the two groups that bear directly on the capacity to learn. In the Puerto Rican case, there is the serious language problem. In 1958, 62,000 children were considered "language handicapped." For this alone an army of special personnel is required. There are NE (non-English) co-ordinators, SAT's (supplementary assistant teachers), non-English speaking classes (2,099 in elementary schools, 259 in Junior High Schools, in 1958).

But the language difficulty may be the least of the factors affecting ability to learn—it does not seem to have been a great handicap for some other immigrant groups. Far more important apparently are aspects of home atmosphere, both as they bear directly on the general physical and psychological well-being of the child, and in setting up conditions of various kinds that aid learning. The absence of such conditions—parents who read, relatives who have professional jobs, home discussions of political events, exposure to cultural activities—probably counts for a great deal in the factors leading to poor educational results for Negro and Puerto Rican children. It is a tribute to American idealism, which seems to be convinced that every human problem is manageable, that even these defects in home environment are now the concern of the Board of Education, through its Demonstration Guidance Project and Higher Horizons Project. Under these projects, students who on the most generous interpretation seem to show prospects for doing good academic work are selected for special intensive efforts—testing, training, remedial work, guidance, and the like, including (in the case of Higher Horizons) trips to the opera and plays. Such investments of special effort have indeed been rewarding. They also

mean an investment in the education of underprivileged children that is probably close to twice the cost of educating "other" children.

A good summary of the special effort being put into the schools with a high proportion of the underprivileged (primarily schools with high proportions of Negroes and Puerto Ricans) is provided by the figures on personnel now employed in "special service" schools (as they are called), as compared with the regular schools. The report compares some "special service" and other schools: the special service schools have 29 per cent more personnel than the regular schools. For every position, there is more staff in the "special service" schools. Thus, for example, in the Junior High Schools, 44 special service schools have 62.4 guidance positions, 82 other schools have 85.6 positions. The problem is now whether it is "more important" to have guidance for a child who may make a mistake in the choice of vocational high school than to have guidance for a child who may make a mistake in his choice of a college. It is difficult to say what a rational analysis, or a moral judgment, might conclude: but regardless of what they might conclude, the distribution of effort as between these two needs will be decided politically, and presumably the Board of Education is more concerned now with satisfying the parents of poor students that everything possible is being done to give their children the best education than it is in satisfying the parents of good students that everything possible is being done for *them*. The latter of course generally have alternatives.

As to the other objective indices of inferior education. Large numbers of new schools have been built in the mainly Negro and Puerto Rican sections of the city—indeed, walking through Harlem, one almost thinks that there are scarcely any old schools still to be replaced. The Board of Education now makes vigorous efforts to assign regular teachers to the "special

service" schools. Regularly appointed teachers are now centrally assigned, and the special service schools now have a greater number of regular teachers than the other schools.* Indeed, since the substitute can still shop around for a job in the huge school system, while the regular teacher is assigned (as a result of one of the most important recommendations of the Commission on Integration), the current report points out that some substitutes are avoiding taking the regular teaching licenses so as to preserve their freedom!

YET ALL of this, one can predict, while it may mean better education and more service to the Negro and Puerto Rican children, will not get the Board of Education off the hook. After the report on all these efforts to promote integration came out, after it was pointed out that close to 30 per cent more professional personnel was being assigned to the special service schools, that these had a larger number of regular teachers, and that the new schools serving underprivileged areas would have and do have more of everything—lunchroom space and supplies, special facilities of all kinds, and the like,—after all this, the arrangements for a school strike continued to go ahead, and James L. Hicks of the *Amsterdam News* (the most important Negro newspaper in the city) wrote:

I opposed a school strike last year because I felt Dr. Theobald and Dr. Silver of the Board of Education could and would meet the demands of parents if given enough time. I know now that I was wrong. Dr. Silver and Dr. Theobald either could not—or would not—fully meet the demands made by

Negro parents for better integrated schools for their children. I don't know if they could have or not.

All I know is that Negro children are entitled to the same things white children are entitled to and they are not getting them and that it is the white people who are keeping them from getting what they are supposed to have.

That's why if there is a strike this year I'm backing it all the way. . . .

This is not the reaction of all Negroes, for while the *Amsterdam News* was writing in this vein, the *Pittsburgh Courier* was in effect accepting the position of the Board of Education that relatively little could be accomplished through zoning, and the task was to make the education of Negro children, in the de facto segregated schools, as good as possible. It commented in an editorial:

New York City's School Superintendent John J. Theobald's report apologizing for the fact that so-called racially 'segregated' schools have not disappeared from the system is no cause for either concern or grief.

Indeed, this is inevitable considering that three out of five Manhattan students are either Negroes or Puerto Ricans, as are two out of five in the entire city.

Things being what they are in the local labor market low-rent housing projects will continue to be occupied by low-income groups which largely consist of Negroes and Puerto Ricans; while high-rent housing will continue to be occupied by high-income groups, overwhelmingly white. . . .

Despite all efforts of the school administration, there can be no increase in school integration as long as the present population trends continue—and we don't think it makes much difference, no matter what the professional integrationists say.

The important consideration is that the schools be structurally adequate for the needs of the communities in which they are located; that the number and

* The special service schools have more regular teachers for a given number of students than the other schools do. However, since the special service schools have much larger staffs, their larger numbers of regular teachers form a smaller percentage of the total professional staff in these schools.

quality of teachers be adequate, and that the curricula not be inferior to that of schools in which most of the student bodies are white.

Much of the professional integrationist "reasoning" is based on the fallacious assumption that learning aptitude is somehow improved by racial mixing *per se*.

BUT this is not likely to be the politically effective position. The difference between one professional staff person per 20 children and one per 30 children is hard to observe; the difference between an all-white school and an all-Negro school is easy to observe. The difference between a good education and a poor education is hard to test; the difference between one color and another is easy to see. The Pittsburgh *Courier's* position may comfort the Board of Education; but it still has to deal with Negro parents who will not send their children to all-Negro schools, regardless of what the Board of Education does for them, and regardless even of what the objective indices show. (The Board of Education report for 1958-59 points out that New York elementary school students—despite the fact that two-fifths of them are Puerto Rican and Negro, and one-tenth of them are language handicapped—score *ahead* of the national norm in mathematics. Graduates of New York academic high schools are still consistently better than the national average—but not many of the Negro and Puerto Rican students get to, or through, the academic high schools.)

We can understand this Negro reaction to all-Negro schools. Negro parents cannot take the position that Irish or Jewish or Italian parents took before them—all this will change (or that perhaps some Jewish parents might well have taken in their paradoxical sense of superiority, "What do we need so many *goyim* for?"). Their history is different, their situation is different, their sense of self-confidence and self-worth is different.

Even so, all parents are very much the

same: the Negro parents who don't want their children to go to all-Negro schools are very much like the white parents who also don't want their children to go to all-Negro schools, and it is equally difficult to say that either prejudice or self-hatred is the whole story. In both cases, parents want the best educational environments for their children; they don't envisage the elementary school years as years in which their children must become precocious social workers, presenting models of good scholarship and good discipline in a sea of misery; parents would rather have their children go to schools in which they in turn were presented with good models to spur them to higher levels of achievement. It would be as wrong to say the motivation of the striking and distressed Negro parents is entirely to escape from their own kind as to say the motivation of the retreating white parents is entirely prejudice. In both cases there is a positive component; the desire to do the best one can for one's children.

But what is the Board of Education to do? It needs the few good children (more than a few) in each school—they are important for the morale of the principal and teachers, as well as of other students. One might ask, why is the Board of Education so insistent on maintaining the principle of the neighborhood school? Suppose it were to allow parents who wished to be responsible for getting their children to distant schools to make their own choice. Suppose it would, each year, set up a list of under-utilized schools: many of these schools are in "good" neighborhoods, with established teaching staffs; and suppose the Board were to say, parents may now send their children to one of these schools if they wish. The Board may be afraid that chaos would result—yet one could predict that the overwhelming majority of the parents in the schools with high concentrations of Negroes and Puerto Ricans would continue to send their children to the nearest school—most of them (like most other parents, but in even

higher proportions) don't care enough about the education of their children to bother that much, and don't know enough about different schools to know what good it would do if they did bother. The same home conditions that produce poor students would act to prevent involvement of the kind that might lead, if there were some system of permissive zoning, to mass exodus and disruption of the school system.

But more important probably in the thinking of the Board of Education than such possible administrative disorder (though this must certainly play an important role in any such huge organization) is the fact that permissive zoning would strip the schools that need them most of their few good students to send them to schools that already have enough.

And there are two further difficulties to permissive zoning as a solution to the integration problem. The first is: how can the Negro and Puerto Rican parents be permitted to choose schools for their children and other parents not be allowed to do the same? And if this right is given to other parents, would not the effect be to "de-integrate" some schools that now have a large minority of "other" children?

Conceivably the Board could limit permissive zoning to schools that are overcrowded. This would permit parents of children in overcrowded schools with high concentrations of Negro and Puerto Rican pupils to send them to other schools, but it would do little to bring "other" children into the special service schools.

Indeed, there are good arguments for permissive zoning. For example, it seems silly for parents in a city with hundreds of schools to be required to send their children to just one, as if they lived in a village. If they have a choice of more jobs and more entertainments in a large city, why shouldn't they have a choice of more schools? And why shouldn't a conscious effort be undertaken to make the schools different and distinctive, instead of the same. But even though I prefer the greater freedom of such a system, I do not see, for the reasons I have discussed, how it would further integration.

I began by saying the matter is horribly complicated; I hope those who have followed me this far will agree.

Of course, if one takes a long-range view one can think of possible solutions. Eventually the impact of a fairly good school system, non-discriminatory renting, the movement of Negroes and Puerto Ricans into better jobs, will reduce the gap between Negro and Puerto Rican students and "other" students. In the meantime, the Board of Education, with the tacit consent of the people of the city, pours in heavy resources to make up for the disasters of history, trusting that in some way the injection of money and personnel at this end will overcome generations of misfortune. Even so, it is not likely to get much sympathy for its efforts from the victims of the misfortunes. But since when have victims been kind to anyone—to their persecutors, to those who tried to aid them, or to themselves?

MARK RICHARDS

The Answer to Soviet Anti-Semitism

Is Exodus Conceivable?

DURING the past few years a particularly vehement campaign on the part of the Soviet press has systematically represented Soviet Jews as being malicious and anti-social, and Jewish religious life as implicitly constituting subservience to a foreign state—Israel—and thus treason to the USSR. (In the course of this campaign a number of physical attacks upon Jews, apparently by hooligan elements encouraged by the government's example, reached their peak in the murder of the wife of a Jewish cemetery caretaker, and the attempt to burn down the local synagogue in the Moscow suburb of Malakhovka. No official steps against the offenders were ever announced publicly.) Israel itself has been fiercely attacked—not only, as one might have expected, in broadcasts aimed at the Middle East, but in Soviet journals for a domestic audience—and in a measure out of all proportion to its size and apparent importance.

While a Soviet anti-Jewish policy is no new phenomenon, the curious intensity of these recent attacks gives rise to the question of just why so mighty a power should behave as if it had reason to fear a weak and defenseless minority. The Soviet Union's attitude is the more puzzling when one considers not only the relative

relaxation recently afforded the other national and religious groups within its borders, but its current drive to win over the Asiatic and African peoples by holding aloft the banner of brotherhood, claiming leadership in the struggle for racial and ethnic equality. Since certain changes have taken place in the life of Soviet Jewry, following on the creation of the State of Israel, there is an understandable tendency on the part of many to seek some rational connection between Soviet Middle Eastern policy and the treatment of its Jews. It is, however, a mistake to assume that Soviet internal policy is ever determined solely by external events or needs. While such events have sometimes tangentially influenced internal processes, there are no cases in which major trends of Soviet domestic policy were ever determined by purely extraneous developments, or were initiated merely to assist Soviet diplomacy abroad.

Before analyzing the factors at work within Soviet society and within the policy-making machinery of the Soviet leadership which have actually caused the present attitude toward Soviet Jews, it might be useful to summarize the manifestations of that attitude.

Regarded as a separate "nationality," Soviet Jews—among more than a hundred such Soviet "nationalities"—are the only ones deprived of all cultural institutions and facilities in their own language. Hebrew and Yiddish schools and public instruction, publishing houses and theaters,

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have all been prohibited. Yet, during the earlier decades of Soviet rule, Jews had been granted a considerable number of such institutions, at least in Yiddish. Unlike the three other "indigenous" religions—Pravoslavs, Baptists, and Moslems—Soviet Jews are forbidden to establish their own nationwide religious organization, though in the USSR, the construction and maintenance of houses of worship and the manufacture of religious articles can only be carried on under the auspices of such an organization. Moreover Jews, unlike the other groups, may not maintain organized contact with institutions of their co-religionists abroad. Many synagogues (and private prayer meetings as well) have been forcibly closed during the last two years. Soviet Jews have also been systematically removed from leading political, security, and economic positions over the past decade. The percentage of Jewish university students has fallen from 13.5 in 1935 to a present 1.5 and the percentage of Jewish deputies in the two houses of the Supreme Soviet is down to .2 from 4.1 in 1937. Not one Jew is to be found in the leading cadres of the Red Army or the Soviet diplomatic service and the 250 members and alternates of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist party now include only one known and one presumed Jew.

THE causes of this situation can be summed up in a single phrase: the Soviet leaders consider their Jews to be "security risks." But what basis is there for this belief? Judging from the infamous "Doctors' Plot"—in which Soviet authorities accused the American Intelligence Service, the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Soviet Yiddish artist Shlomo Mikhoels (a personal acquaintance of Stalin), Jewish nationalists, Zionists, and the "international Jewish bourgeoisie" all of being implicated in the alleged crimes—part of the answer is that a myth somewhat resembling that of the "Elders of Zion" exerts a powerful hold

over the Soviet rulers. Throughout that fateful period in 1953, various Soviet publications re-created in almost classical fashion the composite monster that is the "Jewish menace": there was the Jewish doctor who poisons his Gentile patients, International Jewish Capitalism in control of money and power, nationalist Jewry as an arm of conspiracy, and even Jewish Communists as a link in the network!

It could, of course, be argued that the verbiage employed in the "Doctors' Plot" did not necessarily reflect the views of the Soviet leadership but was intended only to serve various policy and propaganda aims. However, there are other pieces of evidence which strongly suggest that the myth of an international Jewish network is actually believed by the Soviet rulers. For instance, the Soviet scholarly journal *Sovremennyi Vostok* ("The Contemporary East"), which has a limited and very select circulation and is intended for the guidance of higher party cadres, foreign policy experts, and scholars, recently carried a series of articles entitled "Wall Street and Mapai," conclusively "proving" the existence of a connection between the Morgenthau, the Rothschilds, the Rockefellers, the Kuhns, the Loeb, the Lehmans, and the Israel Trade Union Confederation. These articles painted a vivid picture of Wall Street under Jewish control, with arms extending into every facet of Jewish and Israeli life.

Similarly, only a few years ago, Khrushchev told the former Canadian Communist, J. B. Salsberg, that he had agreed with Stalin over the "Crimean case" (the pretext under which the leading Jewish writers and artists were executed in 1952). Khrushchev explained that the creation of a Soviet-Jewish autonomous territory in the Crimea would in itself have turned that area into a military base for international intervention against the Soviet Union! These remarks were made under the most intimate circumstances and at a time when Khrushchev—trying to allay the misgivings of Salsberg and of many

other Western Communists, both Jewish and Gentile—might have been expected to express himself in, if anything, a philo-Semitic vein.

There does appear, therefore, to be some sound basis for concluding that the myth of an international Jewish network contributes to shaping Soviet policy toward the Jews. That this myth should have come to be taken seriously is a wonder, but certain special characteristics of the Jewish minority may help us to understand why. Thus, the Jews do happen to be a people dispersed across the greater part of the globe, constituting a minority everywhere (except in Israel, of course) and highly concentrated, for historic reasons, in certain professions. It is also objectively true that the Jews differ from other Soviet minorities in one important respect: while, for example, many Ukrainians live outside the Soviet Union, *most* of them are contained within its borders. The same is true of the Byelorussians, Balts, Caucasians, and the bulk of the Central Asian peoples. However much disaffection may exist among such groups, the Soviet authorities can hope that they will eventually act as a magnet attracting the allegiance of kinsmen overseas, if only because their historic and cultural centers are within the USSR: in Kiev and not among the Ukrainians of the Canadian Prairies, in Erevan and not among the Armenians of Cairo, in Vilna and not among the Lithuanians of Detroit.

The exact opposite holds true of the Jews, of whom only 25 per cent are to be found within the Soviet Union, while both in Israel and in the United States immense centers of Jewish cultural and religious life have been created. For a Jew, so it must seem to the Soviet leadership, the center of attraction will always be Jerusalem or New York—his eye is hardly likely to turn toward Moscow or Leningrad. Moreover, if a Soviet Jew were permitted to leave the USSR, he would find a country willing to take him as a Jew, whereas to a Ukrainian or Lithuanian

emigration could only mean separation from his culture, his language, and his people. The Soviet leaders are undoubtedly aware, too, that a considerable section of the cultural and organizational leadership of both Israeli and American Jewry is itself of fairly recent Russian origin; that, in fact, a direct family relationship links many Russian Jews with their co-religionists in Israel and the United States. All this apparently has given rise in the hearts of the Soviet rulers to feelings not unlike those ascribed to Pharaoh in the book of Exodus:

Behold, the people of the children of Israel are too many and too mighty for us, come let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply and it come to pass, that when there befalleth us any war, they also join themselves unto our enemies, and fight against us, and get them up out of the land.

IT IS within this framework that one can now understand what have heretofore appeared to be the vagaries of Soviet policy regarding the Jewish question. It becomes clear that whenever the Soviet Union has been in conflict with some part of the world where Jews live in full equality, Soviet Jewry has immediately suffered the kind of treatment usually accorded to potential fifth columns. The two periods in which Soviet Jews were treated with comparative leniency were those in which the Soviet Union was struggling against the White counter-revolution and, later, against Hitler. Since both the Whites and the Nazis represented forces deadly to the Jews, the Soviet leaders were prepared to look upon the Jewish minority as harmless during those years. On the other hand, the two periods during which the Soviet Union actively engaged in destroying Jewish national, cultural, and religious life, and during which Jews were systematically eliminated from leading positions, coincided with the years when the main enemy was the West (the period of the pact with Hitler—to be

exact, 1938–41—and the cold war period, especially since 1948).*

Since the Jews are considered a “security risk,” it follows that a special treatment must be accorded them—both as a group and as individuals—especially during periods of tension. On the one hand, as a cultural, national, or religious entity, Jews obviously must be fragmentized and atomized, since such an entity implies the existence of certain institutions, that is, *group organization*. It is exactly this organization, however, which the Soviet regime distrusts.

Indeed, the irony is that the very services which Jewish organizations were once able to render to the state have helped to intensify the distrust of them. Thus, for example, during the early days of World War II, the Soviet leadership permitted the setting up of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee whose purpose was to recruit material and moral aid abroad for the Soviet cause. The Yiddish cultural leaders Shlomo Mikhoels and Itzik Feffer were sent to the United States and were very successful in their mission. Stalin and other Soviet leaders obviously felt that for good Communists like Mikhoels and Feffer to be able to establish sympathetic contact with capitalist Jews simply by reason of their common Jewishness meant that there really existed something like the “Elders of Zion.” This was a major reason for the destruction of Jewish leadership in the Soviet Union during 1948–53; and Khrushchev’s recent expression of support for Stalin’s actions in the “Crimean Affair” (which cost Mikhoels and Feffer their lives) indicate that he too shares in some facets of Stalin’s attitude toward the Jew.

If, then, the Jews are a potential “fifth column,” Jewish individuals, no less than

* It is worth stressing that the beginning of the “Black Years” of Soviet Jewry (1948–1953) was connected with the international situation in general and not with the creation of the State of Israel. Thus the first major destructive act, the murder of Shlomo Mikhoels, occurred on January 13, 1948, four months before Israel achieved independence, on May 15, 1948.

Jewish groups, must also be guarded against: hence the wholesale removal of Jews from all political, diplomatic, military, educational, and scientific positions which are considered to be of “security importance”—and in a totalitarian society this covers a very wide area indeed.

Thus Soviet policy—which prevents a Jew from enjoying the benefits of his Jewishness, and at the same time prevents him from being treated as other Soviet citizens are treated—has created for itself contradictions of an almost classic “dialectical” nature. The Soviets feel that they cannot permit the revival of a Jewish culture since this would involve the re-establishment of Jewish institutions and the consequent renewal of Jewish organizational life. Yet the obvious corollary of such a policy—the forcible assimilation of the Jews—would require abolishing the Jewish “nationality” and putting Jews on a par with Russians or Ukrainians. To do this, however, the regime would have to cancel the “nationality” paragraph in the internal passport—which would mean permitting the Jews to trickle back into exactly those “security sensitive” positions from which they have just now been so painfully removed.

THE Soviet government has granted insignificant “concessions”—mostly for propaganda purposes: the occasional reprinting of the works of a classic Yiddish writer (with most of the volumes sold abroad), or the printing of a handful of prayer books (to be exhibited abroad and not, except for a dozen or so, for home distribution). On no account, however, is the regime prepared to grant the opening of a Jewish school, the re-establishment of a permanent Jewish theater, a Jewish publishing house, a nationwide Jewish religious federation, or even a large-scale continuation of the private prayer meetings tolerated until now—since all these activities would require some kind of permanent Jewish organizational framework.

Soviet Jews, and especially the younger

generation, have naturally reacted to all this with extreme bitterness, and the result has been the classic vicious circle of Jewish resistance to an impossible situation, consequent further repression, further resistance, and so on. The situation, then, is not only deteriorating, but must of necessity go on deteriorating, for it both deprives the younger Soviet Jews of cultural, linguistic, and religious roots and simultaneously prevents them from being gradually "absorbed."

THE older Russian Jews expected no good of the "goy"—whatever his politics—and were surprised at nothing. The generations of post-revolutionary Jews, however, had become Soviet citizens par excellence, "*Homo Sovieticus*," during the relatively lenient 1920's and 1930's, had intermarried and socialized with Russians and Ukrainians, and genuinely believed that utopia had arrived.

It was these younger Jews who, in the party, in government positions, in the army, and in the universities, suffered the almost incredible traumatic shocks of 1948–53. It was they who were suddenly referred to as "aliens," as "cosmopolitans," as potential and actual "traitors to the Soviet land"; it was they who were denied advancement, removed from their posts, prevented from entry into certain fields of education, denied credit for their work, dismissed, arrested, tortured, and often physically assaulted and insulted by their Gentile friends and neighbors of yesterday. It was their marriages with Gentile husbands and wives that broke up under the strain; it was they who were forced to accept divorces from their mates on the ground of their "political unreliability," after being arrested for no other reason than their Jewishness. Numbers of this generation were liquidated along with the leadership of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee, and the outstanding Yiddish poets, writers, and actors.

It is therefore hardly surprising that it should have been the young Soviet Jews

who reacted with most bitterness to the new anti-Semitism, and whose alienation from the former way of life was most marked. Many visitors to the USSR have missed this important point for the simple reason that only a small number of young faces are to be seen in Soviet synagogues. The fact is that the few synagogues happen to be the only remaining official institutions of Jewishness, while, on the other hand, the reawakened Jewish consciousness of this young generation does not happen to be, on the whole, of a religious nature: the young Soviet Jews were never devout and recent events have not necessarily made them more so. The adverse occurrences have awakened in these young men and women an intense national feeling and national pride, for which, however, there is no officially permitted outlet, and at the same time they know very little about the cultural and national traditions of their own people. As a result these young people often give some entirely individual expression to their Jewish feelings. A striking instance was last Simchat Torah, when several hundred young Jewish students, boys and girls, danced in the street outside the synagogue of a major Soviet city, and kept dancing even after the authorities had had municipal vehicles drive through their circle in an effort to break it up. Young Soviet Jews turned up in crowds of thousands to welcome the Israeli youth delegation to the 1957 Moscow Youth Festival, although the authorities had made every effort to keep the time and place of the delegation's appearances from being publicized. So, too, large numbers of the youngsters flock to the Yiddish folk concerts, although many of them barely understand Yiddish, and many more don't speak it at all.

These young Jews are, for the first time in their lives, considered to be aliens, outsiders—"they" and not "we"—by the Russians, Ukrainians, and other peoples around them. The Soviet authorities have strengthened and supported this concept

—partly perhaps in a conscious attempt to court popularity. The result can be seen clearly in Khrushchev's statement to the French Socialist Delegation in May of 1956:

Khrushchev: . . . At the outset of the Revolution, we had many Jews in the leadership of the Party and of the State. They were more educated, maybe more revolutionary than the average Russian. In due course, we have created new cadres. . . .

Pervukhin: . . . our own intelligentsia.

Khrushchev: Should the Jews want to occupy the foremost positions in our republics now, it would naturally be taken amiss by the indigenous inhabitants. The latter would not accept these pretensions at all well, especially since they do not consider themselves less intelligent or less capable than the Jews. Or, for instance, when a Jew in the Ukraine is appointed to an important post and he surrounds himself with Jewish collaborators, it is understandable that this should create jealousy and hostility towards the Jews.

ONE may well imagine what the effect of such an attitude toward the Jew has been whenever a real necessity for sharp competition occurs in Soviet society—as in higher education, which, it must be remembered, is the key to status in the USSR. Even where no official hint has been passed on to reduce the intake of Jewish students, it is hardly surprising that in the sharp jostle for entry “we” are accepted and “they” are rejected. There are also other objective factors which make life difficult for Soviet Jewry. One such is that development which has been misnamed “liberalization” or “decentralization” and is, in fact, a process of “territorialization.” This process—which involves the transfer of authority in certain fields from the Moscow technocracy to the local party cadres—has resulted, among other things, in the creation of the so-called “Comrades Courts” and “Neighborhood Courts,” and has also affected the nature of the educational system.

For the Jews, these changes have meant a further deterioration of their position. The local courts, for instance, now deal with such matters as “Parasitism”—i.e. living on any unofficial sources of income, a crime of which probably an overwhelming majority of the Soviet population is guilty—which previously were not within their domain. Since the local courts must show themselves zealous in the performance of their new duties, the easiest way is to make the “outsiders”—the Jews, rather than friends and neighbors—the target for prosecution.

The policy of education for the nationalities, outlined recently in *Voprosy Filosofiyi*, establishes the principle of homogeneous national groups inhabiting contiguous territories as determining which languages of instruction are to be used in which schools. (Needless to say, Russians everywhere will have their own schools, whether they are in a solidly Russian region or are a scattered minority.) Here again the Jews are obviously intended to be the exception—the “non-territorial” element which will be outnumbered everywhere. It is, incidentally, interesting to note that the principle of territorial contiguity is invoked only against the Jews, and not against other dispersed minorities, such as the Germans, the Polish minority in the Baltic states, and those scattered groups of Tadjiks who live outside their own Republic, within the confines of Uzbekistan.

Given the Soviet leaders' current attitude, and the consequent vicious circle, it seems quite obvious that no solution to the problem of the Soviet Jews is likely *within* the boundaries of the Soviet Union. Indeed, under the circumstances, the only possible solution would seem to be to open the gates for a major exodus.

If such an exodus took place (possibly within the framework of a reunion of families) the Soviet authorities might conceivably adopt a more relaxed attitude toward the comparatively unimportant number of Jews still remaining, particu-

larly since those most nationally aware, most religious, and most alienated—in a word, those most antagonistic toward the regime, and who might have epitomized everything feared by it—would be among the first to leave. Such a development would by no means be unprecedented in the Soviet Union: in the early 1940's, the Hellenic minority on the Black Sea coast was permitted "repatriation" to Greece, although many centuries had passed since the ancestors of this group came from Greece. As for possible Middle East difficulties, it should be remembered that the Arab states themselves resorted to essentially the same solution in the past decade with regard to their own Jewish minority (which is the reason why Israel now has some 450,000 citizens from Arab and Moslem countries). Moreover—as has been mentioned before—the Soviet state has never hesitated to take steps which were urgently demanded for solution of internal problems because of relatively minor external considerations. The present situation, after all, is uncomfortable not only for the Jews, but for the Soviet authorities as well: because the USSR pays official lip service to equality and the rights of minorities, a "separate policy" toward the Jews can only be imposed by indirection, and because the Jews are a scattered minority, it can only be imposed with great difficulty.

The idea of an exodus as the only possible solution applies, of course, only to an *unchanged* Soviet policy. If the Soviet authorities should come to see the Jewish minority in terms not essentially different from that of other Soviet nationalities, and to re-adopt the more liberal outlook of some of the earlier revolutionary leaders, the alternatives available would automatically increase, and the problem could undoubtedly be solved through applying the principle of self-determination. This would involve a choice between living a Jewish life in the USSR within a revived Jewish cultural and religious framework; living an assimilated Soviet life with all inequality and discrimination abolished; or emigration. Such a choice would actually require nothing in any way incompatible with the fundamental principles of the Soviet system. However, the necessary change of psychological approach in Moscow does not, so far, appear in the offing. In the meantime, it is perfectly clear, as we have seen, that the Soviet Jews face a steadily deteriorating situation, one that offers little prospect for any kind of change. Yet this very fact holds out the hope that the Soviet authorities will ultimately find it easier to open the gates for a Jewish exodus than to go on pursuing a policy which is cumbersome, embarrassing, and in contradiction to the official ideology.

DENNIS H. WRONG

Rockefeller as Liberal Hero

THE most unusual event of the two cut-and-dried and largely predictable party conventions was the Nixon-Rockefeller meeting and its outcome the weekend before the Republican convention. The selection of Lyndon Johnson as Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate was unexpected without being unusual. But there is no real precedent for the insistence by an all but officially chosen nominee that a reluctant convention accept a platform incorporating the views of a rival who no longer had any chance to win the nomination—views, moreover, which were implicitly critical of the performance of an incumbent and still highly popular administration of the same party.

The pact with Rockefeller, it has been argued, gave Nixon a long sought-after opportunity to free himself from the necessity of defending the Eisenhower administration's stand-pat foreign and defense policies. Yet it has also been maintained that the agreement represented a sharp change of political strategy in response to the Democrats' inclusion of Johnson on their ticket and their apparent unity behind Kennedy. Whereas Nixon had previously planned to emphasize "moderation" and to appeal to the South

with an "acceptable" civil-rights plank and a Border state Vice-Presidential candidate, he now decided on a platform of barely perceptible marginal differentiation from the Democrats aimed directly at the same electorate, the metropolitan centers of the East, and on a campaign tactic of stressing the greater foreign policy experience of Lodge and himself.

Like virtually everyone else close to or well-informed on American foreign and military policy, Nixon is certainly dissatisfied with Eisenhower's lack of forceful leadership and his readiness to give in to the budget balancers on defense spending. In office his approach would undoubtedly be closer to that of Rockefeller than to the present administration. Thus it is hard to see why the slight, though symbolic, changes in phrasing inserted into the platform as a result of the New York meeting should have meant much to Nixon in their own right. Platforms are in no way binding and, more important, there is little reason to believe that the mounting criticisms of Eisenhower policies by the experts and their supporters in the press have greatly affected the public. President Eisenhower and Congressman Judd in their convention speeches probably correctly gauged the mood not merely of the assembled delegates but of the electorate in defending without qualification the record of the past eight years, ridiculing the alarmists and pessimists about America's world position, and reiterating, as Judd did, the narrow anti-Communist

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militancy of the 1952 campaign. As the present campaign proceeds, these themes will surely predominate rather than the call for re-thinking and for new projects and an accelerated defense effort which were Rockefeller's contribution to the platform. Nixon himself is likely to rely most heavily on simple "gut" appeals to patriotic sentiment, reverence for Eisenhower, and the need for "standing up" to Khrushchev.

The meeting with Rockefeller, then, was primarily a political coup by Nixon designed to gain Rockefeller's support in order to improve his chances of carrying New York State. It was premised on the probably correct assumption that to win a Presidential election it is necessary not merely to carry the big states—one can always lose a few and still win—but to start a national tide rolling, which can only be done from the metropolitan centers. With Johnson's nomination reducing the chances of a major Southern bolt and, what is more apt to be overlooked, secretly pleasing some big city Democratic bosses who like him as a politician's politician, this became the most promising Republican strategy. New York is the only major state in which the Republicans have made political gains in recent years and it is the only one in which the Democrats are seriously divided. Add to this the distrust of Kennedy's Catholicism felt by some Jewish voters in New York City, and the vital importance of securing the active support of a first-term Republican governor becomes evident.

In this situation any Republican governor of New York would have been in a powerful position. What is unusual, however, are the terms by which Rockefeller's support had to be secured, terms that greatly offended a good many powerful Republicans. President Eisenhower allegedly called Rockefeller a "goddam ego-maniac"; the majority of the delegates at Chicago would dearly have loved to repudiate and humiliate him by bluntly rejecting his suggestions; the partisans of

the Republican right were hoping he would be nominated so that he might run a poor third in the convention balloting to their hero, Barry Goldwater.

YET Rockefeller managed to give the appearance of emerging as the strong man of the convention. That he should have done so after his ambiguous and seemingly inept passes at the Presidential nomination and without submitting to pressures to accept nomination for the Vice-Presidency is remarkable. He owes his triumph, of course, to Richard Nixon. But whatever the outcome of the Presidential election, Rockefeller will be in a strong position. If Nixon should win, he will be able to play a leading part in a Nixon administration as Secretary of State, Secretary of Defense, or in the new post of over-all coordinator of national security, the creation of which he himself has advocated. If Nixon loses, particularly if he loses by a wide margin, it is hard to see how Rockefeller could be denied the Presidential nomination in 1964, assuming he is re-elected governor of New York in 1962. By accepting his program and welcoming his support, Nixon has conferred a kind of Republican legitimacy on Rockefeller which he previously lacked in the eyes of many party leaders.

But more interesting than the endless Hot Stove League speculation about the ambitions and prospects of individual politicians that makes up so much of the content of American political reporting, is a consideration of the kind of appeal that Rockefeller offers to important segments of the electorate. Outside of New York State his appeal is still for the most part latent, which is the main reason why, with an assist from his own mistakes, he failed to make much headway in seeking the Republican nomination this year. Yet the most authoritative political writers still believe, and many Republican and Democratic leaders privately agree with them, that Rockefeller is the only Republican who could surely have beaten any Demo-

crat in 1960. Thus the nature of his appeal is worth examining in conjunction with the views and policies he, and the men around him, have advanced.

ROCKEFELLER is the legatee of those whose hopes and expectations were disappointed by Eisenhower. It has become commonplace today to see Eisenhower's two victories as indicative of a desire for a breathing spell from partisan politics and tough national decisions, a dampening down of the passions of the New Deal era and the postwar battles over cold war policy and Communist ideology. While this may well be the case, it is hardly what Eisenhower's more articulate early supporters, including the liberal Republicans and political analysts like the Alsop brothers, Lippmann, and Samuel Lubell had in mind when they favored his candidacy. They were looking for an American Churchill or de Gaulle—a national leader free from past embroilment in party politics and attracting widely distributed electoral support, who would be able to impose sacrifices and necessary solutions in unresolved domestic problems like civil rights, the faster to get on with the job of solidifying America's world position and winning the cold war.

Rockefeller in many ways fills this bill better than Eisenhower. Eisenhower attracted stay-at-home and apolitical voters in large numbers as well as reducing Democratic majorities in the voting groups from which the Democrats draw their strength. Rockefeller is not a national hero and it is doubtful that he would inspire a mass movement of political indifferents to the polls (although his appeal to women may compare favorably with Eisenhower's); but, as his 1958 showing in New York suggests, he might do better than Eisenhower in winning the votes of Negroes, other minority group members, trade unionists, and the active support of some of their spokesmen. His personal popularity would, like Roosevelt's, be linked to a definite program instead of

being, as is Eisenhower's, an alternative to a program. Rockefeller is already looked upon more favorably by liberals and intellectuals than the Eisenhower of 1952. He is friendly with the leaders of the New York Liberal party: the *New York Post* reversed itself to endorse him in 1958 and then urged the Republicans to nominate him in 1960 (though one would have thought that his position on defense would have made him very unpopular with the *Post*, which consistently calls for efforts to arrive at disarmament), and Max Lerner recently rhapsodized over him as a "millionaire whom labor and the poor want to see in the White House, an aristocrat whom the lowly Negroes want, a Republican whom the liberals want, a man of action whom the intellectuals want, a man who asks for an increase in the arms program yet whom the peace internationalists want."

Perhaps these extravagant words simply reflect the disposition liberal intellectuals share with the rest of the populace to substitute hero-worship for a programmatic view of politics. Or they may manifest the curious inferiority complex of American liberals, who seem to crave a sense of ideological kinship with a figure of impeccably conservative antecedents who is not a professional party politician: Wendell Willkie, Marshall, and the Eisenhower whom the liberals hoped to draft as the Democratic candidate in 1948, come to mind.

So, for that matter, does the liberal devotion to Stevenson, for Stevenson has actually always been more conservative in outlook than the character of his support might suggest. But the identification of liberal intellectuals with Stevenson was *too* close and something of their latent self-contempt found expression in complaints about his Hamletism, his overestimation of the importance of words, and his distaste for rough politicking. Lerner's characterization of Rockefeller as "a man of action whom the intellectuals want" is revealing—is Rockefeller to become the heir

of Stevenson's dissappointed followers as well as of Eisenhower's?

WHY should the liberals want Rockefeller in the White House? Why, to begin with, should they prefer him to Kennedy or to any foreseeable future Democratic candidate? Even for those of firm allegiance to the Democratic party, Rockefeller has become the new avatar of hopes for a "liberalized" Republican party rid at last of the incubus of Old Guard prejudices and passions. But why not for the sake of this objective look more favorably on political leaders like Dewey and Nixon instead of turning to glamorous outsiders like Willkie, Eisenhower, and Rockefeller? The former seem to find it harder to win Presidential elections, but, as experienced professional politicians, they are surely more capable of steadily rebuilding and transforming the party into one that accepts the permanence of the welfare state and big government and yet continues to represent interests and outlooks distinct from those of the Democrats' constituency on taxation and anti-inflation policy, the financing of welfare measures, or the handling of strikes in basic industries—to name a few relevant issues. A liberalized Republican party might resemble the British Conservatives and could be expected to find its electoral strength among voters who are indifferent to Old Guard prejudices but distrust the influence in the Democratic party of the big city Irish Catholic machines, the unions, and the intellectuals.

Nelson Rockefeller would certainly have a strong appeal to such voting groups. But the positions he has taken and the issues he seems to care most about suggest that he is a more striking candidate for the role of a crisis President, an American de Gaulle, with the strength and the will to demand sacrifices in order to enhance national security and wage more effective global conflict. He presents himself primarily as a doer, an administrator rather than a legislator, who is more concerned

with carrying out projects he considers essential than with reflecting the popular will or bargaining skillfully with rival power groups to obtain unifying and stabilizing compromises. One of his first acts as governor of New York was the unpopular one of increasing taxes. He has advocated compulsory federal arbitration of interstate labor disputes, a proposal that has long been viewed with disfavor by both business and labor. He clearly regards civil rights as a major domestic problem with international implications, and for some time now it has looked as if a Republican President forceful enough to override the GOP Old Guard-Southern Democrat coalition in Congress might be able to make greater progress in this area than a Democratic President.

To label Rockefeller a 'liberal,' while not incorrect, is scarcely to tell the whole story (is it ever about anyone?). For even his liberalism on civil rights and welfare measures can be seen as a clearing of the decks of ancient problems with their political origins in the New Deal era for the sake of concentrating on America's world leadership. And it is obvious that Rockefeller's views on defense policy and on the need to counter Soviet advances in all spheres are closest to his heart. Thus he manages to sound like Edward Teller in some of his comments on the armaments race, in his opposition to a nuclear test ban, and his advocacy of greater stress on civil defense—"a bomb shelter in every backyard," as it has been described. The ideologues of *National Review*, probably the last people in America whose vision of modern politics is totally dominated by ideological abstractions, have been puzzled by what they regard as contradictions in Rockefeller's outlook. Since his appeal is "above the parties" and he combines the support of "left-wing statist" measures with demands for a tougher military and diplomatic line toward the Russians, they have decided—fantastically—that he must be a "fascist," or at least a potential fascist.

This, of course, is nonsense. Rockefel-

ler's desire for a more aggressive response to the Soviet threat has no kinship whatsoever with the ideological monomania of these right-wingers who associate everything they dislike in the modern world with "Communism" seen as an omnipresent metaphysical demiurge rather than as a political and military force centered in Moscow and Peiping. Rockefeller was not even responsible for the section of the Republican platform that the *Providence Journal* described as expressing a "sharp, almost angry militancy against the 'Communist conspiracy,' suggesting a preoccupation with the military phase of counter-ing Communism . . . and belabor[ing] its anti-Communist position at the expense of its second emphasis on continuing to seek conditions of 'peace with justice and in freedom' by positive means."

YET there is something a bit chilling about Rockefeller's attitude to the Communist threat. It is partly his failure to emphasize the desirability of continuing to press for a workable disarmament agreement, his insistence on heavy outlays for civil defense, and his opposition to a test ban. Is he for civil defense as a means of bolstering our own sense of security and of convincing the Russians that we could survive and retaliate after a first strike? Or is he a victim of the bureaucratic logic that assumes the likelihood of nuclear attack and somnambulistically proceeds to plan the mobilization of surviving men and resources when a hundred and fifty million people have been wiped out and most of the country laid waste?

Rockefeller is obviously a bold administrative innovator—he is reputed to have patterned himself on Franklin Roosevelt. But his activism somehow suggests a matter-of-fact and uncritical attitude toward administrative goals, as distinct from means. He will eat blintzes when the goal is to win an election and, according to Stewart Alsop, his faith in such pseudo-professional skills as public relations and opinion polling is unbounded. (Almost

no one, incidentally, has remarked on the strange contradiction between the image of Rockefeller as a strong, independent, and principled man and the fact that he refused to fight for the Presidential nomination as soon as he discovered that the odds were against him.) He has always relied heavily on the reports of the huge research teams he has been able to set in motion with his vast financial resources. He often speaks their technical and bureaucratic jargon—"massive acceleration," "retaliatory counter-thrusts," etc.—which succeeds so well in muffling the human meaning of the situations and possibilities it describes. There is no question about the breadth of outlook he has acquired from access to the far-flung Rockefeller family enterprises. He is a kind of bureaucratic Croesus, ready to hire experts by the score and to set up commissions to study every conceivable problem. Experts and data are certainly important, but it is questionable whether more of them, as distinct from qualities of mind and heart, are what we chiefly need in the present crisis.

We are, after all, likely to be living permanently in a world of change and crisis. The American Presidential system of government elevates personalities over parties and issues and encourages the mystical faith in "leadership" to which Americans are so prone. Thus the need for an exceptional crisis President can always be asserted with a show of plausibility. But, unlike the France of the Fourth Republic, our party system has not yet proven its inadequacy. There is something refreshing in the fact that the two Presidential candidates this year are politicians broadly representative of their parties and quite lacking in the charismatic qualities of an Eisenhower or a Stevenson. We certainly cannot afford a perpetuation of the Eisenhower status quo, but, quite apart from Rockefeller's personal qualities, the enthusiasm for him expresses an unwillingness to put to test the capacity of the normal processes of party government to meet the demands of permanent crisis.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Affluence, Galbraith, the Democrats

AT THE recent Republican convention, Senator Barry Goldwater varied the occasion's ritual excommunication of Democrats by accusing them of having abandoned Jefferson and Jackson in favor of: "Bowles, Galbraith, and Reuther." And the country's newspaper columnists—with James Reston of the *New York Times* in the lead—have been telling us for some time now that Professor John Kenneth Galbraith's intellectual labors will surely exert great influence on future Democratic policies. A major political impact, in fact, has been ascribed to Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* by the cognoscenti; a fresh look at this 1958 bestseller may therefore be in order—quite apart from its intrinsic interest.

Recently, too, Professor Galbraith has brought out *The Liberal Hour*,* a book less ambitious than *The Affluent Society*, but no less entertaining. Contrary to what the title may suggest, *The Liberal Hour* does not offer a political program but a string of essays ranging from "Economics and Art" to "Was Ford a Fraud?" They show Galbraith at his best: a deft and clever writer, full of erudite biases, and never dull. But the more political his biases

become, the less they bear serious examination. Thus, in the most programmatic of the present essays, we are told that "Inflation . . . is not without conservative appeal," though it is no secret that the conservative right (Republicans, Tories, French rightists) always has been less tolerant of inflation, and more of depression, than the liberal left (Democrats, Laborites, French Socialists), which has traditionally been more sensitive to depression than to inflation. Sometimes, apparently, Galbraith writes more as a Democrat than a historian or economist; at other times, he seems to write purely as a Galbraithian—for example when he proposes government price control of our big industries as the foremost remedy for inflation: Galbraith was in charge of price control during the war and has had a weakness for it ever since—not shared, to my knowledge, even by his fellow Democrats.

In fairness, however, it must be said that *The Affluent Society* (on which *The Liberal Hour* rings but few minor changes) pays little tribute to partisan politics. To be sure, Galbraith endears himself to Democrats by arguing vigorously for more government spending and more government services. But he also has the courage—some may say the gall—to propose more taxes and, above all, an increased sales tax—which has a far greater appeal for Republicans than for Democrats. Obviously, *The Affluent Society* has

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* Houghton Mifflin, 197 pp., \$3.50.

been more widely accepted than examined—particularly by the politicians. Possibly *The Affluent Society* is politically more important for the image it has created than for what it actually says.

Yet, *The Affluent Society* deserves careful examination, for it is an ambitious attempt to deal coherently with a major problem always endemic, and now quite acute, in American society: what to do with our affluence—ultimately, what values to live by. But though concerned with this problem, Galbraith resolutely refuses to face it. This may be one reason why what he has written—always in a polished and amusing style—is best described as a lucid muddle: the whole is far from coherent, though all the arguments are brilliantly put, most of them make sense, some are right—and none lead to Galbraith's conclusions. So successfully is the essence of the problem evaded, that Galbraith has remained under the impression he is defending the liberal position when he has abandoned it altogether; abandoned it to crown the government—which he deludedly sees as an *alter ego* of his—philosopher king.

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY culminates in proposals to increase sales taxes to the end that a greater proportion of the national income be spent by the government. Galbraith feels that it would be all right to reduce purchases by individuals—particularly in the middle and lower income groups—by socializing more of their income, for they spend it foolishly and wastefully for things they don't actually need but are made to buy by shrewd advertising. Thus, if the "imbalance" between (needed) public and (unneeded) private spending were corrected through higher sales taxes, everybody would be better off.

"Imbalance" sounds as though something were dangerously and demonstrably wrong. But, though it is often tellingly illustrated, no specific meaning is given to this "imbalance"—not to speak of any

evidence that it exists. What distribution would "balance" private and public expenditure? At present more than a quarter of our national income is spent by the government. The percentage has been rising; so has expenditure on such items as public housing—units have increased from about 61 thousand in the 1940's to about 444 thousand in the 1950's; highways—from 2 billion to more than 8 billion; education—from 2.8 to 16.8 billion; and public parks and recreation—from 162 to 635 million. One can discuss such expenditures and needs on their separate merits. But how is a general "balance" between private and public expenditure found? While personal income after taxes has multiplied by a little less than five times since 1927, and state and local government income by a little more, the federal government's income over the same period has increased more than twenty-fold. This increase in government revenue may be too little, as Galbraith maintains—or too much, as others feel. Unless some standard of "balance" between public and private expenditure is supplied, Galbraith's view that there is an "imbalance" owing to low taxes is as good as but no better than Westbrook Pegler's view (or Colin Clark's) that there is an "imbalance" owing to high taxes.

Galbraith is a gifted phrasemaker. He labels pre-Galbraith economic theories "the conventional wisdom" and thus makes them sound faintly ludicrous; worse, he finds them "pessimistic"; who wants to be pessimistic and conventional? It does not come as a surprise that "the conventional wisdom" turns out to be "obsolete" because based on a "scarcity" which now has been replaced by affluence. The rhetoric—brilliantly loaded phrases floating in an elegant air of disdainful omniscience—is so persuasive that any proof seems redundant. Which is fortunate because none is forthcoming.

The Affluent Society starts with an extended and colorful polemic against the obsolete pessimism of the classical

economists, a polemic based largely on an implicit play on such words as "scarcity." To the economist, "scarcity" means the existence of demand: a desire for goods and services great enough for people to give up something to get them, i.e. to pay a price. In this sense—the sense in which "the conventional wisdom" uses it—"scarcity" is clearly with us. To the layman, however, "scarcity" suggests shortages, insufficiency, and dire poverty, all of which have nearly disappeared among us. Much of the impressiveness of the charges against the obsolete pessimism of economists rests on a confusion created in the reader's mind between these two meanings of "scarcity."

The disappearance of "scarcity" in the sense economists use the term (but not the disappearance of "scarcity" as non-economists use the word) would inaugurate the millennium; we could stop worrying about economic growth, about efficiency and productivity. Galbraith—a victim, I'm afraid, of his own way with words here—comes near advocating as much: he feels that "our preoccupation with production in other words may be a preoccupation with a problem of rather low urgency." His feeling is not shared by the Democrats, who complain bitterly (if on rather slender evidence) that production has not increased as fast as when Truman was President. And Professor Seymour Harris (whom Galbraith calls "the most diligent and useful of all economists") relentlessly upbraids the Republicans because he thinks they treat increases of production "as a problem of rather low urgency"—just as Professor Galbraith wants them to.

If the actual content of *The Affluent Society* is less relevant to politics than the politician's image of the book, the author certainly has made no move to correct the image. Perhaps he now realizes—as do politicians of both parties—that Americans desire more goods rather than more leisure at this time. As for the rest of the world, it needs more goods—and we need it. Galbraith's view that

"production and productivity become less and less important" seems not only fanciful but also frivolously parochial. It may have had an oblique appeal, though, to our self-doubts. Preachers, Calvinist and Thoreaucan, have often told us that we should set less store by earthly goods—an unexceptionable sentiment which we tend to honor in the breach. Galbraith came along and insisted that we don't really want the earthly goods we produce and buy; this may have appealed to us because we guiltily felt that we shouldn't want them. Though people may not act as they are preached to, they think they should, and enjoy the sermon; perhaps it is cathartic; and we would no more object to a pious sentiment than we would advocate sin—though we do commit it.

Nonetheless, people strain to earn money so that they may spend it. And they clearly are not enthusiastic about curtailing their ability to purchase in favor of the government. Unwilling bluntly to tell them that they should mend their sinful ways—religious and moral values are best accepted today if disguised as science—Professor Galbraith offers a neat pseudo-scientific explanation for our seeming to want what he thinks we don't actually want. His theory has the further advantage of absolving us from all responsibility for our sinful desires.

THE "dependence effect" is introduced into "the economics of affluence" to explain why people buy things they don't actually desire: producers "contrive" demand through planned obsolescence and, mainly, advertising; they no longer sell products that are spontaneously demanded by consumers; they first produce the desires they then fulfill.

Now this argument—whether or not it is correct—is not necessary to sustain Galbraith's conclusions. Even if consumer desires are quite spontaneous, they may be less important than public expenditures. This is so in war and may well be so in

peace. Nor is the argument sufficient: if consumer desires are "contrived," it does not follow that they are unimportant, or that public expenditures would be less "contrived," or more important, or less wasteful. Finally, if advertising is both bad and effective, I should have expected proposals to reduce and restrict it, perhaps to direct and control it. But Galbraith does not propose to do so. Instead, he wishes to diminish people's ability to respond to advertising—though this would frustrate everybody quite unnecessarily.

Granted that advertising produces the demand the advertised products satisfy, it is of doubtful relevance to the conclusion that we should reduce the production of consumer goods. But is the premise true? Perhaps John's desire for Mary was "contrived" by Mary who wiggled by suggestively, advertising all she had to offer and more. Does this make his desire less genuine? Should it be frustrated simply because it has been stimulated? To be sure, if John had never seen Mary, he would not have desired her; but would he not have cared for *any* girl? Even if, without Mary, John had been entirely devoted to intellectual pursuits, would that have made it possible to force Galbraith on him—and make Mary unattainable? How, incidentally, is the desire for Galbraith stimulated? Is it spontaneous? Or has advertising something to do with it? In short, are all "contrived" desires bad—including the desire for education, public works, and Galbraith's books—or only those that Professor Galbraith disapproves of? Obviously the real problem is what desires to contrive; and to decide who shall influence the contriving and within what limits. This problem is altogether evaded if we use "contrived" as a synonym for "bad" and propose thereupon to satisfy fewer private desires—no matter which—and more public "needs."

Long before advertising agencies started insulting the landscape, people spent money on things thought frivolous by moralists. It might be argued that those people

were not as affluent as we are. True. But the ones among them who were—the noblemen, politicians, and rich merchants of ancient Rome, of the Middle Ages, and of the Renaissance—spent their income on things no less remote from "needs" than the items on which we spend ours. (If the "imbalance" between public and private expenditure is measured by public welfare expenditures, it appears to have been greater in the past.) And, in all likelihood, the rich once spent a greater proportion of their incomes on "unnecessary" things than they do now—although, if the effects of advertising were what Galbraith supposes them to be, our millionaires would be spending more on luxuries than men ever spent in the past. To the contrary, the very rich seem to live in a far more modest style than ever before: among them especially, conspicuous consumption is no longer very fashionable. But others, who in the past hardly ever could afford to buy anything not required for their bare subsistence, now can and do. Since they are not accustomed to spending, they rely on advertising and other forms of guidance for suggestions. It doesn't follow that without advertising they would not spend their money at all. Here the Calvinist ancestry of Galbraith's beliefs becomes obvious, and it may not be amiss to point out that Geneva was a very dull and unpleasant place when dominated by these beliefs.

MOST people in the past admired and vicariously enjoyed the display of the few who could afford it; apparently they felt represented by the rich whose luxury seemed a comfort as well as a contrast to their own narrow circumstances. (Occasional present celebrations of the British monarchy testify to some survival of this sentiment.) In this country, however—and elsewhere, too, in increasing measure—people soon came to prefer direct to vicarious enjoyment, at least of material facilities and pleasures. Though few can afford the palaces millionaires used to have—and the millionaires themselves

have given many of them to universities—vast numbers now can manage to watch TV in suburban houses, and to travel around in cars. It is this use of their affluence that Professor Galbraith finds frivolous and trivial—which it certainly is. Yet, is it really more trivial or less spontaneous than the millionaires' yachts? And is the alternative proposed by Professor Galbraith—enforced idleness; and still more government expenditure on still more elaborate schools, parkways, and public buildings—actually more satisfying, more necessary, or in any way better? Rather than damning Madison Avenue, and reducing individual incomes, should we not try to persuade people to spend money in more lastingly beneficial ways? Might we not ask whether the guidance advertising gives could be more informative? or whether less of it might be better? whether other types of guidance might be made available?

Apologists for Madison Avenue have long maintained that without it the wheels of industry would stop turning. The public takes to the idea—which is one reason why Vance Packard's *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Affluent Society* became bestsellers. We love to be told that our silly purchases are the fault of cunning advertisers. It makes us feel less guilty and less silly. It allows us to eat our cake and pretend that we really don't want it. Advertisers, of course, like to take credit for sales. And social scientists are impressed enough when consumers delightedly squeal: "the wicked advertising men are seducing us," to solemnly attest that a sort of statutory rape is taking place. Romantics to a man, the social scientists seem ready to believe in the original chastity of consumers corrupted by advertising—as Rousseau's noble savages were by civilization.

I share Professor Galbraith's distaste for the things people buy. I don't like tail-finned automobiles and I think we have too many cars, even without fins. But I do not think that advertising imposed the fins any more than it imposes compact cars, or

for that matter, cars in general. (The ineffectiveness of advertising in these respects is no reason, of course, for not taxing it—whether it is a wasteful nuisance or an influential one. At present it is actually subsidized.)

Yet nobody is seduced unless he wants to be. People do not become obese because of food advertisements or slender because of reducing-cure advertisements. The cause of promiscuous, greedy, and ultimately unsatisfying purchases lies deeper. For the goods purchased seldom bring the promised happiness—not even the promised prestige (too many others get them). Just as people do not over-eat because of food, so they do not over-buy because of goods—let alone advertisements for them. Both actions spring from a feeling of dissatisfaction and emptiness. They are symptoms, not causes.* Today, people distract themselves by buying and with the mass media; just as in other times and places they tried to distract themselves in other ways—Roman circuses, 18th-century bear-baiting—which can hardly seem more reasonable to the puritanical tastes of the earnest social worker Galbraith turns out to be.

IF PEOPLE spend their money in ways that do not satisfy them—let alone Professor Galbraith—should the government spend it for them? What reason do we have to believe that the government will fulfill real needs rather than public needs even less real than the private ones Professor Galbraith deplores?

What are the public needs that should be satisfied by curtailing the purchasing ability of private persons? Here imagination fails Galbraith and he offers a string of politically acceptable but hoary clichés. We ought to spend more on roads, he feels. I suspect that to do so may abet the curse of congestion more than it would remedy it: the more roads we build, the more automobiles we get. At any rate, Professor

* I have tried to examine these matters at some length in *The Fabric of Society*, Chapter XV.

Galbraith is surely wrong in thinking that road building suffers because there is little pressure behind it, in contrast to automobile building. It is the automobile lobby that presses for more and more roads—and it is one of the strongest lobbies in federal and local government. I wish it were less effective: additional roads do little to relieve congestion, while they destroy much housing, much natural beauty, and many of the features that make cities attractive. The amount spent on road building would be much better spent on railroads and subways.* And such simple and eminently sensible proposals as getting landlords to plant trees before their buildings and getting manufacturers to equip cars with anti-pollution devices are not even mentioned. Perhaps because these would not be public expenditures?

Galbraith feels most strongly perhaps about increasing expenditures on public education, which he contends have been neglected in favor of private expenditures on unnecessary consumer goods. The idea, of course, is very popular. Its popularity is partly owing to the education lobby (not by any means as weak as Galbraith wishes us to think) and partly to the widespread belief in education as a secular religion, as the sovereign remedy for all the evils that beset us. This is not the place to discuss the matter fully. But a few figures will refute the wild assertions about "neglect."

Expenditure per pupil (in dollars of constant purchasing power) has risen from \$40 in 1900 to \$268 in 1956. There are many reasons for this, such as a relatively greater enrollment in high schools, smaller classes, more equipment, and not least, higher incomes for teachers (and other not so good reasons). Teachers' incomes may still be low, but they have gone up more since 1929 than those of workers, government employees, lawyers, or dentists. All this hardly bears out the conten-

tion that we have stinted on education. For that matter, the percentage of our national income spent on education is greater than the comparable percentage spent by any other country about which the relevant statistics are available (as they are not, unfortunately, about the Communist countries). Most important in Galbraith's terms, public school expenditures as a percentage of the total spent in personal consumption of goods have steadily increased (from 3.1 per cent in 1929 to 4.3 per cent in 1956). Far from increasing personal consumption and neglecting education, we have increased expenditures on education more than expenditures on consumers' goods.

ALL this is by no means conclusive. To decide whether more or less should be spent on education, one would have to consider the merits of particular expenditures. My own impression is that not even doubling our expenditures would be likely to improve the quality of our education. What is wrong is not that too little is spent but that it is spent foolishly. Actually, classes in mathematics cost less, not more, than classes in driver education. We will get more and better teaching if we don't insist on education courses which will drive any halfway intelligent person insane with tedium and futility. And so on. Money is not the cure, and might even make matters worse.

However much we spend, it seems most unlikely that schools can fulfill Galbraith's hopes: "The social, athletic, dramatic, and like attractions of the school . . . together with the other recreational opportunities of the community, minimize the tendency to delinquency." It's sweeping, people love to believe it, it's politically acceptable. But, as Paul Goodman has pointed out in this magazine, the causes of delinquency lie deeper. And the increase in delinquency comes as schools engage in more of the activities Galbraith extols. There were fewer such activities and perhaps less delinquency in 1900. Not

* See my "Creating Cities for Human Beings," *American Scholar*, Autumn 1959. Vol. 28, No. 4.

that delinquency is caused by athletics. It just isn't remedied by it. More creation and less recreation, more actual study and less busywork might help more. Possibly delinquency is even furthered by our insistence on keeping unwilling pupils in school long after they have ceased to profit from it, and preventing them from working. Involuntary infantilization may propel some into delinquency as a perverted way of asserting manhood and independence.

One of Galbraith's schemes to increase public spending does display imagination. I can find nothing else in its favor. It may have political appeal—though double-edged, at that. And if delinquency has something to do with lack of meaningful work—as Goodman maintains—no better way to foster it could be found. Galbraith proposes greatly to increase unemployment compensation per head in times of major unemployment (so as to almost reach normal income from wages) while leaving the compensation as it is now in times of reasonably full employment. He reasons that union pressure for higher wages under full employment is irresistible, and leads to inflation, which can be checked only by a government policy which creates unemployment. He advocates a fiscal policy which would create this unemployment. Since the unemployed thus are the victims of the need to check inflation, and could not possibly find jobs, they should be well compensated.

Now, Galbraith's assumption seems unduly pessimistic. As Germany, Italy, and, to a lesser degree, England, France, and the United States have shown in the last few years, we can avoid inflation without creating unemployment. One may also wonder why, if the use unions make of their power is at fault, and if they ultimately hurt both workers and the economy as a whole, we must take for granted its irresistibility. Would it be impossible to check unions? And are they necessarily that blind? There may be political difficulties, of course. Are these greater than

those that would hinder the acceptance of the proposed flexible unemployment compensation scheme? There are technical points, too. Would the reduction of production owing to unemployment combined with the high consumption level of the unemployed whose income is scarcely diminished under the scheme, not be inflationary? How would these unemployed be lured into work unless wages are increased—which, of course, would be inflationary—so as to make it worth their while to go back to work. Or are they to be permanently unemployed? If so, they would surely contribute to wage inflation.

Technicalities aside, I think Professor Galbraith's intention "to have [in unemployment compensation] a reasonably satisfactory substitute for production as a source of income" is important. It means baldly that he thinks we should produce less, and that the producing part of the population should support in style people who are kept idle for no reason other than to reduce production and keep prices in check. I can see no economic merit in this proposal and I find no moral justification for it. It is hard not to conclude that Professor Galbraith opposes what may or may not be private waste only because he wishes to impose what is certainly public waste. The social and psychological effects of the public waste he advocates seem to me much worse than the effects of the private waste he deplors.

WHEN his ungrateful daughters insisted that he did not need his courtiers, King Lear rightly, though in vain, entreated:

*"Oh, reason not the need. Our basest
beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature
needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's."*

Turning directly to Regan, Lear averred:

*"Thou art a lady.
If only to go warm were gorgeous,*

*Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. . . ."*

Shakespeare clearly thought Lear's daughters cruel in not fulfilling a need that was not in the least physical, that was acquired and social. Now, we might well reflect on the process by which such needs are created. It would be irresponsible not to consider how this process and what it creates might be influenced so that such needs might be acquired as enrich our culture when fulfilled. But to simply tell us that "contrived," i.e. most, needs should be dispensed with because created by Madison Avenue is to evade reflection in favor of clichés. The Taj Mahal and Versailles were contrived long before advertising. We need not less "contriving" but contriving of better things.

THE needs or appetites which most demand curbing now have little to do with Madison Avenue. People do not have children because of advertising. Yet we might well try to persuade people to have fewer children for, at less than present rates of increase, the United States' population will equal the total present world population two hundred years from now. Technological progress might enable us to support such a population. But rivers and lakes, let alone fields and forests, will be covered by human structures. All America will look like Detroit. Not too pleasant a prospect. Transferring expenditure from individuals to the government is likely to make matters worse—the government is subsidizing and encouraging procreation even now. We must endeavor to make people bear the full cost of their actions—and not to subsidize them unless they actually are socially useful. There is no point in curbing private appetites only to socialize them and satisfy them with public money.

Not a general sales tax and an increase in the tax level, but high taxation on socially costly expenditure is needed. Not

more roads but high taxes on cars, particularly in cities. Above all, a high tax on advertising. Unlike Professor Galbraith, I cannot ascribe to advertising the many evils that beset us but, unlike him again, I propose to tax it because its social usefulness is in no proportion to its social cost; and it supports the mass media—of which the same must be said. Taxes on advertising should be graded so as to make it most expensive when it is socially least useful or most noxious. (I can only suggest the principle here.) For while most advertising is irrelevant and some is misleading, it can be occasionally informative and help new firms or products. But I see no point in the public at large supporting *Time* magazine by paying for the ads (or, for the uneconomic postal rates). *Time* readers are well enough off to pay for their reading. And if people are unwilling to buy magazines when they have to pay the full cost directly—as they do with books—then perhaps the magazines aren't worth it. Or, we might have fewer mass-circulation and more little magazines (they seldom get much advertising revenue), which might be better anyway. In general, media ought to be directly supported by listeners, viewers, and readers.

If periodicals, newspapers, and TV were not subsidized by consumers who pay for the ads, their great relative advantage over books, theaters, etc., which are not so subsidized, would disappear. And why should TV viewers not pay directly rather than through everybody's contributions to the revenue of the firms that advertise their products on TV? Direct pay TV would split the mass TV audiences into numerous small ones. Programs might be improved by being less homogenized. And if the total amount of prefabricated noise now relentlessly directed at our senses were reduced by such things as a tax on advertising, we might be able again to listen to each other. Our sensibilities may be re-awakened and things may regain some of the meaning drowned out by the incessant bellowing. At worst, no harm would be

done. And perhaps the rate of cultural erosion can be slowed.

WE ARE already rich beyond the dreams of avarice. And the Midas touch of our technology promises untold further wealth to all of us. Must we be as boundlessly greedy and witless as King Midas was? Must we create wealth by processes, and in ways, which will destroy our ability to use and enjoy it?

As I have tried to show, Galbraith's proposals—produce less; spend less; let the government spend more—would not solve our problem, the problem of persuading people to produce less of the wrong and more of the right things, and, in the first place, to make them want the right things. The matter is complicated, for there clearly is much disagreement on “wrong” and “right” here even among those who might be comparatively immune to advertising. Professor Galbraith and I may agree on not liking tail-finned automobiles, but I think we should have altogether fewer cars; he thinks we should have more roads. And I don't think we should want

most of the things he wishes for. Even if Galbraith's proposals actually could solve our problem, I should be chary of them. For to abandon the individualism which is the *raison d'être* of liberalism in favor of increased government domination is always dangerous, and perhaps in principle immoral even if we knew the government to be wise—and we don't.

In a democracy, Santayana said, “people do what they wish but do not get what they want.” Matters might be worse if we followed Galbraith and allowed the government to decide what we want. God reads our heart's desire better than we can. But it is unlikely that even a democratic government will. No collective decision can do as much justice to individuals as they can by deciding each for himself. (And most of the actual decisions in Mr. Galbraith's scheme would have to be made administratively.) Wherever possible, individuals should be allowed to benefit from their wisdom and suffer from their folly. The mistakes they make are not likely to be worse than the government's. And, at least, they are their own.

IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES

<i>Urban Renewal—For Whom?</i>	STAUGHTON LYND
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Memory of Tolerance

A Story

THE LAST time I tried my hand at public expression was in 1948 and in Doomington, England. For almost two months I trained to be a public speaker, attended Mr. Gordon, his classes, and learned voice and the art of the public platform. I was very good.

Mr. Gordon was better than very good, he was absolutely. Standing tall at five feet one and a half, reaching up from his toes, finger raised and eyebrows trembling, he was an awesome thing. Looking back almost three thousand miles, I no longer laugh at those memories, or at least I now laugh tenderly, sympathetically, con amore. The distance and ten years have changed me. Now I am controlled, integrated. If it were not for the difficulties involved in using the word I might almost say happy. After taking famous time and sunshine at a steady rate, I remember those days with pleasure and that good man with love.

By this time Mr. Gordon will be in honorable retirement. Working for a few worthy causes maybe, but in the main content to be an onlooker, an elder statesman of communal politics. He will remember those days of his pride with a pleased wink. Justified pride is a wonderful thing, and with justice he can look back on the

hours of work, the valiant striving, the courage beyond the normal call of duty that he, and a small band of helpers, exhibited at that time. There were some that failed, however, gave up the fight to defend themselves, left the classes and, in one or two extreme cases, the country. Me for example. But I was one of a handful, the vast majority stuck it out and won.

In 1948 there were "troubles" in Palestine. Curiously, most people now seem to have forgotten them, but in those days the Stern gang and the I.Z.L. were causing a good deal of heartburn in Doomington. Indeed, the general population became so unhappy about the whole situation that there was even a little personal violence to the person and some property damage. Only a few fights, an isolated case of assault or so, a number of windows broken, an isolated case of arson—nothing you could really complain about. Certainly no real anti-Semitism. Yet the Jewish community, being notoriously touchy, took the incidents very seriously. The war had only just been completed and what with Belsen and those pictures and so on they had developed what can only be described as a slightly paranoid attitude. They complained that they were not responsible for blowing up the King David Hotel or hanging the two sergeants; they had been born in England, had fought in two wars, hated violence, were against the death penalty, were loyal subjects, and sang the national anthem, frequently. It was all very confused: after all they were

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Jews, and I mean to say, let's face it, you are different.

Be that as it may, what with one assault and another, people began to worry. Clearly someone who was somebody would have to do something. So the officials of the Friendly Societies and the Sports Clubs, the Old Age and Blind Funds, even the Zionists, met and consulted and formed joint committees and policy sub-committees and after only three weeks of negotiations decided to start a public-speaking class. The idea was simple. They would train two or three dozen young men in the techniques of the open-air public meeting and then let them loose to preach and debate on the bombed sites of the city. We were to educate and enlighten and dodge the indignant masses, show them that we were just like them, and soothe with sweet reason. I was one of the first volunteers. I volunteered.

The classes were held in the local primary school. Most of the learners arrived early on the first evening, jack-knifed themselves into the desks, introduced each other noisily, and waited for Mr. Gordon. For quarter of an hour the volume of sound mounted steadily as we all regressed happily into infancy. On the stroke of eight the street door banged for Mr. Gordon. He paused, gray against the dim bulb which lit the corridor, waiting for silence before actually entering the room. Silence. He surveyed carefully. Pause. He entered, kicked the door closed behind him, took off his gloves, took out his watch and placed it on the desk, cleared his throat, and the lesson had begun.

THAT first evening was devoted to the importance of our task. He spoke of the difficulties that we might have to face, the hardship, the sacrifice, the violence. Yet we would overcome all, for our cause was good. We were fighting for truth, loyalty, patriotism, and above all tolerance. Tolerance, brilliantly defended and crammed into primary school desks. We were all in favor of tolerance, we had sat

in those same desks when we were six years old and been in favor of tolerance then. But we had never had the situation explained to us so clearly and at such length. The man was first rate, a master of the word, giving the speech of his life. He held us entranced for over an hour and a half, battered us with arguments, and thumped us with every oratorical trick in existence. And this was no cold virtuoso performance, every word came warm from the heart, the gestures were not practiced for our benefit but sprang naturally from the experience of a hundred Bar Mitzvah audiences. His powerful and rapid mind made each sentence into a step leading up to his inevitable conclusion. And at the top of each argument he seemed to lift us up; on the last sentence he rose up hard on his toes, dragging the class with him, and then as we waited stretched and exposed, whip, he lashed us with his eyebrows.

Those eyebrows, those hairs, those great black bushes on the cliff tops. When he smiled they danced, when he frowned they leaped in advance of his anger, and when he was surprised they shot upwards pushing back his hair. And sometimes, rarely, on a few awesome occasions, they rose quite slowly, one at a time, and there would be a gasp. Those eyebrows became our banner; in the weeks of study they provided a spur, a goad. They made a shelter for our inferiority, a codpiece for our dignity. They increased the height of their wearer by two feet; they made us proud to be Jews.

Looking back, however, it is clear that there were disadvantages in being taught by such eloquent eyebrows. We tried to copy their wearer, but when our turn came to practice, we could feel the gap, almost see the distance between our attempts and his successes. He was more experienced, more intelligent, and he had those damned dramatic pimperlins of eyebrows.

One by one the members of the class were ordered to the front, moved nerv-

ously to the chalk-dust arena, and prepared to die. Pull in your stomach muscles, straighten your back, take a deep breath, and orate. Night after night six million dead were used for practice, two thousand years of dismal speeches set the room awash, and we floated away on a sea of miserable passion. Two thousand and six million, let's think of some new numbers for a change shall we? Gradually we developed our own individual faults, pausing dramatically at the end of every second sentence, leaning toward our uneasy fellow students, staring at their downcast eyes, and ploughing once more over the old stony story. And when the assassin sat down, in that vaguely uncomfortable silence which followed each speech, Mr. Gordon would shake his head and wink and twitch his left, sympathetic, eyebrow and say, "Mr. Cohen, that was very nice. Good. Very nice. Thank you." And I used to think that Mr. Cohen had been very nice, good, well done, I wish I could do it as well. And I used to think that there was only one thing wrong with Mr. Cohen's speech—well, not the speech really, but when you cry those six million and two thousand at the crowd, what can you do if they laugh?

Luckily for me I never had to face the difficulty, though a few of the boys did and they just laughed back. Very painful, but you can't fight fifty people. In a few months the bitterness had left the arguments, and no more windows were broken. From this distance in time the whole affair becomes what it always was, supremely unimportant. In six months it was forgotten, erased, mislaid, as if everyone had made an effort to remember that it had never existed. Damage was repaired, slogans were cleaned from off the walls, friendships renewed, and the old copies of the national daily with its front page picture of the two sergeants hanging like broken-necked dolls were thrown away or used to light the fire or bring home the chips. Normality returned and business was as usual. But not for me. What with

one thing and the other, the taste had gone out of Doomington, England. I deserted. I rejected Doomington, or Doomington rejected me. Once the possibility arises it doesn't matter much who does the running.

I STILL think of the place with affection. More than just affection—the day I forget Doomington I shall be dead, and deserve to be dead. It is my home town. It is my home. The damp stones of that place framed my childhood and even now I can touch it and keep my bearings in the dark. After ten years the sound of the flat harsh street names can make my head spin with a yearning homesickness. I am still an exile and dream of walking up the Hill on a wet Saturday night to buy chips and lark with the birds. By the waters of the Jordan camps the one generation dispossessed, those who carry their exile with them in their heads, who weep not for their home but the childhood which they have lost. My children will not be so careless, they will bump into their memories at every street corner. It's a pity that they will be so much less complicated and interesting than their dear old dad. But they will be much more everything else. Long live everything else.

Until yesterday I kept all my old letters and photographs, all the old scraps of newspaper neatly torn from 1947 and 1948. I kept them as a last string tied to home. I kept them as a memory of the time that I carried press cuttings as ammunition to be used in my next argument. My only defense for such childish behavior is that in fact I never used the cuttings, the arguments were never joined, the scraps of paper never produced in evidence. Instead I left my workmates in happy ignorance. Even then, I knew that waving bits of paper under their noses would only confirm their very accurate impression of my guts. In any case, what had print to do with the way they felt? So yesterday I threw them all away, tore them up, and took them to my window

and let them drift on the light breeze up into the hills from which I would like to think that help will come.

Not that I need any help, I have the memory of Mr. Gordon. The last press cutting that I destroyed reminded me of him, for it reported the efforts of a small shopkeeper to defend himself at that time. No classes for him, instead he placed a card in his shop window and informed the street in neat lettering that he had fought in the First World War, that he had two sons in the Second, that one of them had been a fighter pilot, D.F.C., and the other had been killed. The window was smashed within the hour.

When I first read that report I felt cheapened and degraded. Dignity, purple like good borsht, welled up inside of me and I was filled with righteous loathing. I mean the shopkeeper chappy was definitely lowering my tone. But, recalling Mr. Gordon, I can see how naive and unfair I was. As he would have said, after

all the man was unrepresentative. He was almost certainly either religious or irreligious and can you condemn a whole group because of one exceptional man? The only trouble is that I am not convinced that I acted much better. He put a card in the window, I joined a speaking circus—probably he had a weak voice, my spelling is terrible. Let us face the unpleasant fact that my anger was essentially self-directed. The situation was not degrading, that did not need changing. I had to change, rid myself of those old-fashioned moralistic notions about dignity, overcome my dislike of the word tolerance. But I can't change, I know because I have tried. So there can be no help, not even from the hills outside my window. There remains no guide but memory. Remembering the situation in Doomington, a civilized town, I leave you with this last thought. It is a pity for us all that they broke the shop window; they should have smashed every bloody pane of glass in the house.

JACK JONES

Otto Rank: A Forgotten Heresy

OTTO RANK, who will probably turn out in the end to have been the best mind that psychoanalysis contributed to intellectual history, defected from the company of Freudians about 1925 and, as far as the orthodox element was concerned, thereby became almost an unpsychoanalyst. His major ideas did not take root elsewhere, and today the informed layman or even practitioner ordinarily has only a very rudimentary awareness of them. Rank has been practically forgotten; when referred to in the histories and outlines of psychoanalysis, he is usually—but misleadingly—credited with the “birth trauma” theory, which is thereupon “refuted.” Of recent years, however, allusions to Rank have begun to increase in frequency, accuracy, and respectfulness; and some of his work has been re-issued. In 1958, an excellent first biography, *Otto Rank*, was published by the late Jessie Taft, a former translator and co-worker of Rank’s. Miss Taft had access to many previously unpublished letters and other documents, and her book is the first time Rank’s “side” of the controversy with Freud has been fully represented. Her account is the one I primarily follow here (although I have also made

use of Ernest Jones’s three-volume biography of Freud).

Rank was born in Vienna in 1884, into a lower-middle-class Jewish family that had never been happy and was not destined to become so. His father drank, but seems to have afflicted his family more with indifference than brutality. Rank’s relationship with his mother, about which he was thereafter always reticent, seems to have been close but tinged with the familial hopelessness.

The stoicism which Rank was forced to cultivate was only to be relieved by his adolescent discovery of the delights of the theater, and, later, of the other arts. This new world led him to intellectual finds as well; and to the tragic philosophers Nietzsche and Schopenhauer: “I bathed as it were,” Rank wrote in his diary, quoted by Miss Taft, “in Nietzsche’s spirit and got a charmed, weather-proof, bullet-proof skin, that should protect me in the meantime against external attacks.” Rank thenceforth spent most of his adolescence at study or at the theater, in order to avoid as much as he could the emotional disintegration of his family. At sixteen or seventeen, Rank and his brother threw off for good the authority of their father: “We finally fell out completely with him and did not even greet him any more. . . . From then on began an idyllic family life. Almost no word was spoken in the house, but if a voice ever became loud, it became very loud: i.e. it screamed. For everyone had a deep rage inside. . . .”

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At length, however, Rank underwent a profound transformation: the "sublimation" of genius, a process which rests upon a creative negation of what is normally desirable. "The whole misery turned itself inside and smoldered there until a wind from I know not where kindled it to a bright flame that lit up my heart and brain."

Although now compelled to work in a machine shop, Rank's new found powers developed at a rapid pace. In 1904 he first came across Freud's writings, and they struck him as a revelation. "Now I see everything clearly," he wrote in his diaries. "The world process is no longer a riddle." Rank was then completing his first book, *Der Kunstler* ("The Artist"), which remains untranslated—his preliminary analysis of creativity. As Miss Taft says, for Rank this was "The little manuscript that would prove to be the open sesame to a future of which he had never dared to dream." Freud himself, whom Miss Taft goes on to quote, has related how Rank came under his ken two years later in 1906, at the age of twenty-one: "One day a young man who had passed through the technical training school introduced himself with a manuscript which showed very remarkable comprehension. We induced him to go through the Gymnasium and the University and to devote himself to the non-medical side of psychoanalytic investigation. The little society acquired in him a zealous and dependable secretary, and I gained in Otto Rank a faithful helper and co-worker."

THIS almost immediate and complete acceptance by Freud and the Vienna circle of analysts was the turning point of Rank's life: under the benign patronage of Freud—"the ideal figure denied to him in childhood," Miss Taft remarks—he had found an outlet for his immense potential. Ernest Jones believes that Freud rendered Rank financial assistance from time to time, and relates how Freud once paid for a vacation of Rank's, bought him a type-

writer, and attended a wedding with him. ("It is perhaps worth mentioning," Jones adds, "because of its being one of the two weddings he [Freud] ever attended outside his immediate family."*) Freud always entertained the highest opinion of Rank's mind, and once fondly declared, according to Jones, that of all the Vienna group in 1911, only "little Rank" had any intellectual future.

Rank rewrote *Der Kunstler* with the help of Freud's criticisms, and its publication in 1907 was well received. Rank's next book, *The Myth of the Birth of the Hero* (1912), a study of "the myth as a dream of the masses of the people," was almost overpowered by orthodox Freudianism—Freud himself contributing the basic theory of mythology as an expression of the "family romance." The book is not really representative of Rank's own ideas—which, however, appear here and there in what might be called repressed form.†

Until the war broke out, Rank functioned as a secretary to the Vienna circle and also handled most of the duties of a private secretary for Freud himself. "Rank was always willing," Jones writes, "never complained of any burden put upon him, was a man of all work for turning himself to any task and he was extraordinarily resourceful. . . . Rank had also a keen eye for practical affairs and would assuredly have been very successful had he entered the world of finance. . . ."

In 1914, Rank was called to military service, for which he had not been over-enthusiastic (Freud, in a letter to Ferenczi, humorously describes him as "fighting like a lion against the fatherland"), but he was to become the editor of the official

* Jones later asserts that "the two men never really came close to each other." It is possible that this judgment was not uninfluenced by that "brother-hostility" of which, in his accounts of the later factional disputes, Jones is constantly accusing Rank.

† A short article on Rank cannot begin to explore all aspects of his ideas. But Rank's mythographical work, as well as his analyses of the psychology of artistic creation, are particularly outstanding: the latter are probably definitive.

journal of the Austrian army. The Great War had the same evil effect upon him as upon the rest of his generation, yet in coming successfully through the fires, he discovered an ability to stand alone, and his former psychological (and intellectual) dependence on Freud lessened markedly. In Poland Rank found his first wife, Beata, and after the war brought her back to Vienna. On his return, he also for the first time began to practice psychotherapy. Jones remarks, "I never knew anyone to change so much." Whereas before the war Rank had tended to be somewhat over-deferential, "much given to clicking of the heels and bowing," afterwards he revealed "a vigor and other manifestations of his personality we never suspected." As Freudian as anything could be, but left unanalyzed by both Jones and Miss Taft, is this anecdote from Jones:

I was very astonished at the remarkable change the war years had wrought in Rank. . . . Now in stalked a wiry, tough man, with a masterful air, whose first act was to deposit on the table a huge revolver. I asked him what he wanted with it, and he nonchalantly replied: "*Für alle Fälle*." [For any eventuality.]

RANK now also assumed the responsibility of directing the international psychoanalytic publishing house in Vienna. "The general machinery of life had so run down in Austria after the war that there were indescribable difficulties in getting anything done. . . ." Jones writes. Rank struggled "heroically with the endless problems and accomplished super-human feats in coping with them almost singlehanded." But here began a series of frictions between Rank and Jones, who was then directing the English-language branch; they started as clashes of temperament but foreshadowed the theoretical disputes to come. Jung and Adler had already departed; Freud was already cancerous and nearing seventy, and rivalry over the succession inevitably emerged. Freud strove to pacify the internal quar-

rels of the movement. Rank and Ferenczi, at that time collaborating upon a book, were then the heirs apparent. (Only after their apostasies did Ernest Jones himself move into the forefront.) Rank's privileged and powerful status as Freud's secretary naturally aroused considerable animosity among the other psychoanalytic chiefs, some of whom were, in addition, indebted to his brilliance—and also feared it. Rank's learning and original contributions were acknowledged by all in the movement. Jones himself writes of Rank's "truly vast erudition. . . . One of the compliments I treasure in my life was when he asked me wherever I had found all that material in one of my non-medical essays; that the omniscient Rank should be impressed signified much."

The alliance between Rank and Ferenczi was at first encouraged by Freud, who deemed it "very promising." (Jones comments darkly, that "subsequent events were to show that 'sinister' would have been a more appropriate term.") In 1923 Rank and Ferenczi published their joint work, *The Development of Psychoanalysis*, which differed not too greatly from the canon but urged the importance of the mother-relation and suggested that in therapy the "acting-out" of unconscious or repressed impulses should be stressed more than the theoretical reconstruction with the patient of his psychohistory from earliest childhood.

On the whole, Freud accepted this therapeutic revision. But the suspicions of the more orthodox—that heresy had been set in motion—were not unjustified. Tensions and uncertainties multiplied among the leading psychoanalytic theoreticians.

"It was into the midst of this emotional powder keg that Rank threw, without previous warning, his *Trauma of Birth* (1924)," Miss Taft recounts. Rank now boldly derived *all* anxiety—and as a consequence, the disposition to or actuality of neurosis—from the infant's first shock at being separated from the mother. In the "to-all-appearances purely physical birth

trauma with its prodigious psychical consequences for the whole development of mankind," Rank wrote, "we are led to recognize . . . the ultimate biological basis of the psychical." While the literal sense of this thesis was later abandoned by all, including Rank, the decisive battle of the mid-20's was unfortunately—though also inevitably—fought over its literal truth or falsity. The latent and more profound implications of the theory were to emerge only gradually and considerably later, in Rank's ignored last works.

Freud himself was initially most impressed by the new idea; while he had never taken the work of Jung or Adler very seriously, he now said of the "birth trauma" to Ferenczi, "I don't know whether 66 or 33 per cent of it is true, but in any case it is the most important progress since the discovery of psychoanalysis." As we shall see, Freud's keen intuition for the "latent content" did not play him false, even though he was soon—and correctly enough—to reject the literal thesis. To Rank, Freud's first remark was that "Anyone else would have used such a discovery to make himself independent."

The effect both of the book (later to be diagnosed by Jones as "hypomaniac") and still more of Freud's uncertainty in evaluating it, was to arouse consternation among the orthodoxy, particularly within the Berlin branch led by Abraham. Again Freud strove to find the middle line and patch up the deteriorating relations, still hoping to limit or overcome Rank's heresies. In a circular letter to the high command, Freud suggested that, assuming the validity of Rank's thesis, "Some instinct must be associated with the birth trauma which aims at restoring the previous existence. One might call it the instinctual need for happiness. . ." Again Freud's intuition for the latent content was quite accurate. But Abraham, raising the specter of Jung, slowly forced the unwilling Freud toward condemning the new "scientific regression" (Abraham's phrase).

Freud himself cooled toward the innovation as further implications emerged. "Clinically it followed," Jones points out, "that all mental conflicts concerned the relation of the child to its mother, and that what might appear to be conflicts with the father, including the Oedipus complex, were but a mask for the essential ones concerning birth." Psychoanalytic therapy, in this phase of Rank's ideas, could only consist of getting the patient to "act out" the supposed original birth trauma, bringing about thereby an abreaction or psychological "rebirth."

RANK does not appear to have recognized the imminence of a new schism. Now in principle inevitable, it was delayed two years more. When Rank decided upon an American expedition, Freud wrote bitterly to Ferenczi: "I am deserted just when I have become invalid with decreased working strength and depressed mood. . . . I have survived the Committee that was to be my successor, perhaps I shall yet survive the International Psychoanalytic Association. I only hope that psychoanalysis will survive me. But taken altogether, it makes a sad ending to life." Rank departed abruptly for America before the conclusion of the Salzburg Congress in 1924; at the banquet the next day, "satirical jokes about Otto and his trauma" were heard.

In New York, however, Rank scored a sensational triumph, which only aggravated the tension between himself and Vienna. Freud resorted to the ultimate weapon of the movement: counter-analysis. In a crucial letter to Rank, though employing it gently, he wrote: "I am often much concerned about you. The exclusion of the father in your theory seems to reveal too much the result of personal influences in your life which I think I recognize. . . . Leave open a way back." With this letter Freud indeed pierced Rank's "bullet-proof skin," but his inner resources were other and greater than Freud supposed.

The letter, Miss Taft relates, became

the "occasion for terrific conflict, as one can tell from Rank's repeated efforts to frame an answer." He knew that he had reached the point of no return. Now he had to choose between his risky theses or rejoining the orthodoxy—"the" father. In the final version of his reply to Freud, Rank met a number of criticisms concerning his technique, and reiterated unswervingly that his therapeutic experience demonstrated that the libido (or general impulse to bio-emotional satisfaction) was tied to the maternal and not the paternal relationship. "For the rest," he continued grimly, "you know as well as I do that the accusation that an insight is derived from a complex means very little in general in the first place, and in the second, says nothing of the truth or value of this insight." He spoke without love of Abraham and the other "noisy ranters," by whom he was under constant attack. "If they want to remove me from my difficult positions to which, up to now, I am tied not by ambition but by duty, care and toil, they can attain it without any backstairs politics, if you think it desirable. . . ." Whatever happened, he now suggested carelessly, "the psychoanalytic movement, as such, is a fiction."

In effect, Rank had declared his willingness for the final break. Amazed and wounded, Freud replied: "I would never have believed that you could write in such a manner." He repeated his "inability to understand how the magic formula of leading back all libido to the mother should produce such a therapeutic effect. . . . The whole subject is shrouded in darkness that I have, as yet, not succeeded in penetrating. Your book has brought it out and has done nothing to clarify it. There are ugly things in your letter. . . . An evil demon makes you say that this psychoanalytic movement is a fiction. . . . The very words of the enemy." According to Jones, Ferenczi, who "had been at the edge of a precipice," after reading Rank's letter, "now drew himself back in an unmistakable fashion," and assured Freud

that he was finished with Rank. (Rank once told Miss Taft how, two years later, he had encountered Ferenczi in Pennsylvania Station: "He was my best friend, and he refused to speak to me." Not many years later Ferenczi himself fell prey—in Jones's interpretation—to "failing mental integration" and that insidious brother-hostility—i.e. began to differ again with Freud theoretically.)

A STARTLING chapter of the story was yet to come. Rank's affection and respect for Freud were still very great, and the separation of the two men could not but cause him the "fear, conflict, illness and suffering" Miss Taft describes. Upon his returning to Vienna after this exchange of letters, Rank found himself "back in the old familiar situation, faced with the reality of Freud's illness and need, the enormity of his own desertion in the eyes of former friends and of his own family as well." (His wife, Beata, now a child analyst, retained the orthodox outlook.) This combination of pressures was, in fact, too much for him, and forced a temporary capitulation. En route to another American trip, he found that he could not get either physically or psychologically farther than Paris, and he returned to Vienna.

He was drawn into a series of "analytic conferences" with Freud, at the conclusion of which he wrote to the inner circle an abject letter of recantation and apology—Miss Taft describes it as "inconceivable." The circumstances and tone of the letter parallel almost exactly the Marxist ritual of "self-criticism." Rank declared: "From a state which I now recognize as neurotic, I have suddenly returned to myself." He suggests that his "neurosis" was precipitated by "the crisis in the trauma occasioned by the dangerous illness of the Professor." Rank traced the root of the "neurosis" to "the Oedipus and brother complexes," as ideologically required. He hoped that his letter would "give the satisfaction which can afford the basis for the resumption of our group

work in the not too distant future." In a follow-up letter, he further agreed "to take back, limit, or modify whatever was premature, uncertain or dangerous" in his earlier views. Ernest Jones says, "naturally we all replied reassuring him of our understanding and sympathy." This is not the view of Miss Taft, who characterizes their replies (without quoting any) as "patronizing . . . suspicious . . . offensive."

Be that as it may, intellectual helotry was for Rank constitutionally unendurable. Once again he went to America; while here his therapeutic prowess so increased that there was no other psychoanalytic leader, Miss Taft asserts, "to whom Rank would not now feel superior in viewpoint and technique . . . how long then [could] he sustain the illusion that his own development is the result of a neurosis that can be cured?" In 1926, back in Vienna, he published the first volume of his *Technik der Psychoanalyse* (summarized in the first chapter of *Will Therapy*); the new book was full of heresies that were even worse than his earlier ones: the transition from his birth trauma thesis to the psychological and philosophic concepts of his major and final work had begun. As Ferenczi diagnosed the case, little knowing how the days of his own orthodoxy were numbered, it had now become clear, he said, that Rank "was unwilling to renounce any part of the theory in which he had deposited his neurosis." In May, Rank departed from Vienna. He was thereafter considered a traitor, and Freud declared sternly, "Now that I have forgiven everything, I am through with him."

ALTHOUGH Rank's major work was yet to come, nothing more that he did ever resulted in a comparable drama. His ideas diverged increasingly from the main intellectual currents of the 20's and 30's, and his followers were few and obscure. He could not compete with the Freudian ideology and its organization, nor did he try; Jung and other "traitors" had a much greater worldly success. Jones concludes

his remarks on Rank with priggish insensibility, and an invidious comparison between Jung and Rank: "The outstanding difference between the two cases is of course that Jung was not afflicted by any of the mental trouble that wrecked Rank and so was able to pursue an unusually fruitful and productive life."* Comparing Rank to Adler, Freud's own judgment was keener: Rank "will not have the same luck, since his theory contravenes the common sense of the laity who had been flattered" by Adler. Rank's major ideas were in fact never accepted; and though most of his early therapeutic ideas—short analysis, acting out, the importance of the relation to the mother, and others (to be found mainly in his *Will Therapy*)—have now passed under various adaptations into the mainstream of psychotherapy, there no longer exists a specifically Rankian school.

Until 1934, Rank lived in Paris, where he wrote all his major works, except the last (*Beyond Psychology*). In Paris, he made the acquaintance of a number of artists and writers, including (I am told) Anais Nin and Henry Miller, although in regard to this phase of his life, and all subsequent ones, there is an especial dearth of biographical material which, hopefully, his friends and relatives may yet remedy. Rank made occasional brief trips to America where, thanks to the interest of Jessie Taft and her associates, he achieved—somewhat fortuitously—a considerable influence at the School for Social Work of the University of Pennsylvania. His therapeutic concepts thence became

* Jones would naturally prefer Jung's shallow, optimistic, and inconsequential approach to any deeper awareness of the dilemmas within human nature deriving from the tragic sensibility which, among psychoanalysts, perhaps Freud and Rank alone shared, irrespective of theoretical differences (and which Jones and Freud did not share, despite their theoretical agreements). As one of his critics (Glover) has remarked, Jung's idea of the relation between reason and religion is that of a "mutual improvement association." Real contradictions are replaced by a Cabbalistic and mystical farrago, which has little objective value, and above all, cannot serve as the foundation for an accurate political judgment.

known throughout that profession, although there exists no necessary relation between his major ideas and social work. In 1935 Rank moved to New York. Having seen their daughter safely through Swarthmore, he and his wife arranged an amicable divorce in 1939, and shortly thereafter he married his secretary Estelle Buell. Only two months later he died, of "some kind of infection that no drug could reach." The superstitious—whether psychoanalytically inclined or not—may deem the fact titillating that Freud himself had died in London only a month earlier.

II

THE real significance of the parting of ways between Rank and Freud was to be brought out only later, by the further development of Rank's ideas and by the contradistinctive spectacle of orthodox Freudianism gradually painting itself into a professionalist corner from which it does not now even pretend to be able to give general ideological counsel. For at least orthodox psychoanalysis, the "end of ideology" came about thirty years ago; thereafter, its therapeutic scope and powers were necessarily relative to the ideology of the day. Thus, in psychoanalysis (and elsewhere, for that matter), the difference, if any, between successful adaptation to the *Zeitgeist*—alias the reality principle—and "health" or "happiness" has grown more and more inscrutable. Psychotherapeutic judgment now is ultimately dependent on the fact that any state which might otherwise be thought of as "health" or "happiness" must also be able to maintain itself in society or in the *Zeitgeist*; if it cannot, it will cease to be thought of as health or happiness and may even be redefined as a neurosis. The vast majority of patients and analysts must assume that the prevalent political judgment is "reality," even though an insecurity remains, and one that is more or less dys-therapeutic. In a word, psychoanalysis too is the continuation of politics by other means.

In an ominous decade, the totalitarian 30's, both Freud and Rank increasingly saw that the ultimate question for psychoanalysis was the nature of the uncertainty and distress of society rather than of isolated, "neurotic" individuals. In his last book, *Beyond Psychology*, Rank said: "Freud himself discredited the whole psychoanalytic movement when he concluded his lifework with the pessimistic realization that he had not been dealing with neurotic individuals, but with a morbid civilization." Freud discredited, that is, the independence of or the ideological leadership of psychoanalysis. While it is certainly no discredit, nor is it impossible, to render aid to individuals, even within "a morbid civilization," this service remains bound to the political chariot wheel, and it cannot be taken as having ideological influence or effect. The significance of Rank's "birth trauma" theory was its relevance to this political problem—not to any therapeutic question; this significance was the "latent content" of the theory by which Freud had been struck.

No sequential or systematic exposition of Rank's later works can be attempted here; my purpose is to extract the ideological core of Rank's thought. Rank had declared that the Oedipus complex was a mask for the underlying complexes supposedly deposited by a traumatic birth; but as he gradually discovered, the latter was also a mask—an analogue rather—for a still more profound divergence that existed not only within the consciousness of both the patient and the analyst, but within civilization itself. Rank had biologized a psychological split, the *emotional* not the physical, separation from the mother, a separation, furthermore, not literally from the mother, but rather from a bio-emotional condition to which ratiocination was functionally, and necessarily, inimical.

Rank came to perceive that this separation did not normally take place at birth, nor even as Freud's Oedipal theory supposed, in early childhood, but in fact oc-

curred later—at those points in an individual's development when, under the invidious pressure of "reality," his projections or "illusions" were abandoned. Freud, in accordance with the prevailing rational-scientific ideology, had argued that the patient's resigned understanding of his own bio-emotional renunciations constituted health, or the nearest possible approach to it. "Freud's therapeutic method aims at making the individual merely conscious of his irrational self," Rank wrote in *Beyond Psychology*, "thereby convincing him that it had been rightly suppressed and should now be rationally condemned." That is to say, upon a non-rational renunciation was superimposed a rational one which, for Rank, only worsened the situation. He believed that, on the contrary, the *subjective* import of instinctual renunciation in the presence of "illusion" or faith, was quite different from its import as perceived or understood with the emotional resignation inherent in rationality. (But, paradoxically, it is also possible to speak of a faith in *reason*, i.e. that it must lead to more and more "freedom." Rank saw, however, that this was not the case, and so he sometimes referred to the rational or "scientific illusion.")

Rank argued, furthermore, that a good many of the supposed frustrations Freud attributed to childhood, or to the primitive ages of man, were, in actuality, non-existent, non-traumatic, or were analogues for the later adult frustrations, or of modern civilization itself. Rank's own interpretation of the Oedipus legend exemplifies some of these differences between himself and Freud: "Far from trying to enforce the fourth commandment, as Freud would have it, the Greek legend of King Oedipus is meant to teach a lesson to the presumptuous intellectualism of the first Western thinkers, who tried to solve the riddle of human existence by philosophic speculation. The wise Oedipus, the clever solver of riddles, typifies the sophisticated intelligentsia of later Greece. . . .

Not unlike Ibsen's heroes, Oedipus too perishes as soon as he knows the truth about himself, as revealed by the historical self-analysis of his past, in true Freudian fashion."

RANK did not consider the "neurotic" as an *exception* to a generally prevailing standard of health, but thought rather that "the neurotic type of our time appears to be the caricature of our own over-rationalized psychology; that is to say, in him is reached the climax of rational self-control (control of the natural self) at the breaking-point where the irrational forces get the upper hand." Thus, the basic anxiety, whether "normal" or "neurotic," which at first Rank had misapprehended as a "birth trauma," he later came to regard as the modern trauma; the loss of a shared faith, illusion, security, or value (whether or not called religious)—a loss more or less deep, and more or less repressed, which resulted in a universal anxiety or "neurosis."

This basic anxiety, which Rank had pointed out to Freud, was alternatively interpreted by the latter (in *The Problem of Anxiety*) as due to the presence within an individual of repressed instincts which were experienced as a threat to his ego. (In complimenting Freud on this work, Jones wrote: "It is now clear that you were wise enough to do what none of us others could do; namely to learn something from it all by allowing Rank's ideas to work on you in a stimulating and fruitful way. What a splendid reaction to a depressing difficulty—*alle Ehre!*") Freud's interpretation has in fact seemed to most analysts more convincing than Rank's. But, as we have seen, it by-passes the real issue at stake, the *political* one: whether in civilization (as well as perforce in psychotherapy) the ubiquity of rational understanding (and its products) was the measure of health or freedom, or whether there was not between reason and health—or freedom—a pervasive contradiction. Freud took the degree of rationality as the

criterion of health and accordingly defined what was not rational—religion, for example—as neurotic. But Rank reversed the imputation: he believed rather that the “scientific illusion” of rationality could itself be called a neurosis, if by that one was to understand an artificial or unnatural mode of consciousness and living. “For the most part what we call ‘irrational’ is just the natural,” he said in *Beyond Psychology*, “but our ‘rationale’ has become so unnatural that we see everything natural as irrational.” The capacity to create or sustain an “illusion”—whether in religion, art, or love—Rank viewed as the natural bio-emotional state of man, and it is this capacity which he took as his criterion of health. “Psychoanalysis,” he wrote, “despite its naturalistic terminology, does not accept human nature. . . .” It “betrays the final over-reaching of rational man beyond his legitimate control of nature to the very denial of the vital life-force itself. . . . The result of this confusion manifests itself in the paradox that the reality in which we live is determined by unreality which we believe to be real because it is rational.” Rank may have been thinking here of Hegel’s now nearly triumphant theorems: “The real is the rational, and the rational is the real,” and the even more ominous, “Pure Being and Nothing are the same.”

Rank did not always make clear that the presence of any form of illusion, in an individual or in a society, was not by itself an accurate index to the objective amount of bio-emotional satisfaction or frustration involved. Both for its own sake, and because it is also a threat to the illusion itself, bio-emotional frustration of whatever kind—including that necessarily involved in rationality—must be understood and controlled. For when any objective frustration or deprivation is carried too far, there may result (in an individual or society) a neurotic or nihilist breakdown, a “passion for the end”—of freedom itself. That this can and does happen is the main theme of Dostoevsky’s

work: more profoundly than any other writer, he grasped the links between individual psyches and the general nihilist crisis of his time. As we know, the consequences Dostoevsky foresaw did indeed ensue. Freud, then as now often accused of excess pessimism, in reality—as he himself ruefully acknowledged late in his life—had somewhat underestimated man’s capacity for destruction.

In thinking that adaptation to ratio-centric civilization was both inevitable and at any rate not altogether unwholesome, Freud overlooked the full implications of a negative *accumulation*. He himself was identified psychologically and philosophically with the late 19th-century commitment to the “scientific illusion.” (Whatever else one might say about this period in history, however, a kind of balance still existed then between the elements of human nature which we shall be lucky to see again.) To Freud, the losses involved in such a commitment to rationalism seemed “the worst” that were possible, but he was badly mistaken. Freud did not foresee, nor for all his prowess did he comprehend when at last it occurred, the next turn of the historical screw, which, “beyond tragedy,” elicited the nihilist phase. There followed in a “hideous storm of terror” (John Webster) those cataclysms of hyper-rationality, the ruin of the German and the Marxist virtue. Both psychological disasters involved the hallucinatory identification of “the enemy” as the Jews or the capitalists—two groups which, in reality, were surrogates or analogues for freedom—the goal, end, or purpose of human life which totalitarianism now relinquished.

TO RETURN now to the ideological meaning of the other psychotherapeutic questions at issue between Rank and Freud.

It becomes clear that their controversy over the relative importance for the child of his relationship with either the mother or father, did not refer to the *actual* parents so much as to their different psycho-

logical attitudes toward the ideology and virtues of the society; through them, society is first presented to the child. Oversimplifying a bit in order to complete this detail quickly, and assuming that the parents play the normal sexual roles, it is evident that the mother appears to the child in the relation of love—and stands for what the child already is, for his natural condition—while the father appears in the relation of virtue—and stands for what the child must become. (This latent opposition exists regardless of the society or the ideology—pagan, Roman, Christian, conservative, liberal, or Marxist.) Rank's therapeutic emphasis upon the relation to the mother thus implied an encouragement to resist excess virtue (i.e. inhibition)—and even implied some doubt toward the community ideology represented by the father. Freud's patriarchalism had just the reverse significance; the effect of the "Oedipus complex," he believed, was to overwhelm with contumely, as incestuous or murderous, any resistance to "the" father—in reality, to the ratiocentric ideology. As Rank began to affirm that knowledge was not fundamentally curative, he came to see that the application of psychoanalysis itself was equivocal. Fundamentally, it was illusion that cured. "What the patient first of all can and must learn is to live at all," he wrote, "and this seems to me possible only with illusions. Analysis prefers to use the term sublimation, but can only mean illusion, for the one is based on the other, at bottom the same . . . it finally comes to the question on what plane of illusion one lives." The enigma was how far and in what way psychoanalytic knowledge could be used, not to remove illusions in the patient, but rather to sustain them. Rank believed that in orthodox analysis there was "a fundamental confusion of theory and therapy" and that, in fact, "analytic knowledge has gradually undermined analytic therapy." He concluded that the patient's increased knowledge during analysis at some point began to do more harm

therapeutically than good, even if, or perhaps especially if, it were theoretically correct. The popular cognomen, "head-shrinker," thus contains a grain of justification (and so likewise does the suspicion that artists and other illusionists have often shown toward analysis).

Rank's awareness of this double edge to psychoanalytic knowledge was doubtless also at the root of his concept of "short-analysis"—one of his minor technical deviations before the schism—which established at any rate a *time* limit to the amount of analytic knowledge or interpretation that could be conveyed. Rank was later to remark jokingly to a technical seminar, "I analyzed first according to Freud's technique and then gradually developed a shorter one, a technique that is getting shorter and shorter, so that I am almost afraid that soon I won't have to see the patient at all." Similarly, he once remarked that for a time he had given up writing his books altogether: "There is already too much truth in the world."

RELEVANT here, and to Rank's entire concept of rationalism, is the familiar exhortation of modern educationalists, that everyone must compulsively learn more and more, and that this must go on forever. In the course of criticizing "progressive" sex education, which Rank believed would "prove to be a grave interference with the individual's personal freedom," he wrote: "We cannot overlook the fact that the child does not want sexual education, just as *he does not want any kind of education*" [my italics]. Of course, we know that this is true, but we do not realize as well the sense in which this "childish" attitude is also justified. Naturally, the child is too unsophisticated to oppose his education with the epigram of Kierkegaard: "The supreme paradox of all thought is the effort to discover something that thought cannot think"—i.e. what he, the child, *already has, au naturel*, freedom, before it is replaced by virtue, by civilized inhibitions. In less articulate

terms, however, this is, in fact, the protest that he does make.*

Within psychoanalysis, then, it was primarily Otto Rank who rediscovered the negation of human nature that exists latently within rational civilization, and which is, in one way or another, the burden of everything that we call great or

profound in its art or thinking. As yet, no way has been found to make this heritage politically effective; it seems all too evident that unless this is done—and quickly—we will soon discover that what we had supposed to be the profound has been politically redefined as the silly, the meaningless, or the non-existent.

* The justification of education can only be the installation of a necessary virtue, which replaces "freedom." It is the realistic assessment of this fact by "conservative" educators which arouses the hostility of "progressive" educators and other populists. Conservative realism, like that of Freud, is no doubt "old-fashioned" and corresponds psychologically to the 19th-century personality, to the pre-nihilist, pre-totalitarian phase of the rational development. Reason, or education, was then still supposed to minister to certain immutable (Christian or "humanist") values. But then there followed generally the confusion of the rational virtue with "freedom" itself. Education reflected the world ideological delusion—on the one hand, virtue became "freedom" and on the

other, freedom became "virtue." In either case, there occurred the ambivalent contest between tyranny—that is, simple repression in the absence of value or faith—and anarchy—that is, the impossible and eventually ruinous rejection of all virtue. The homogenization of freedom and virtue is ultimately the same as the homogenization of "ends" and "means"—this, too, is the functional basis of what is now customary to call "mass society." In totalitarian education, there is the monstrous effort to appropriate the individual's every waking moment; on the other hand, in American progressive education, education is parodied as "freedom" or "life." Both of these perverse methodologies spring from the same origin.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

The New Wave in French Culture

A TINY but significant piece of cultural news from France earlier this year was the report that Jean-Paul Sartre had said of one of the latest *nouvelle vague* ("new wave") films, Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* (*A Bout de Souffle*—not yet released here), that it was *très beau*. It is remarkable that the champion of "commitment," the theorist who has always emphasized that moral choice is the essential human act and who has just produced another immense and closely reasoned volume on his favorite theme, should praise a film which is in effect the most complete expression of romantic nihilism we have seen for some time. I doubt whether such a film could have been made ten years ago, and I am fairly sure that, if it had, Sartre would not have spoken well of it then. Without having consciously changed his principles, he must have been affected by the shift of mood that has occurred during the last year or two in several departments of French life.

When I first read Sartre's remark, it occurred to me that he might be taking the hero of *Breathless* to be (like the central character of his own early masterpiece, *Nausea*) a specimen of pre-existentialist man: a consciousness groping its way to-

ward a philosophy of life. But such an interpretation of the film is hardly possible, as will be clear from a short summary of its contents.

The central character is Michel, a chain-smoking, heavy-lipped young man, whom we first see in Marseilles stealing a car with the help of a girl friend. He drives off northward to Paris at an extravagant speed, talking to himself, singing snatches of song, making comments on the people he passes, firing his revolver through the car window into the trees, and so on. It is obvious from the start that he recognizes no law other than the instantaneous satisfaction of impulse. When a policeman on a motorcycle finally corners him, he shoots his way out and finishes his journey as a hunted murderer. Once in Paris, he steals money from another girl friend, while waiting to collect his share from some unexplained robbery. We then see that he has only one ambition: to go off to Italy with the loot and with a third girl friend, an American who sells the New York *Herald Tribune* on the Champs Elysées. This American girl is the only chink in his armor. He loves her, or what comes to the same thing, he cannot do without her physically. She has been his mistress and is, indeed, pregnant, but she has an unsettled, unreliable character. What does she want out of life? Perhaps to be a journalist; she is, at any rate, prepared to sleep around to achieve this end. Finally, for no obvious reason except general bewilderment and weak-

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ness, she betrays her lover to the police. He is shot down in the street and dies, quite self-possessed and with a contemptuous sneer on his lips.

That he is meant to be a hero there can be no doubt. The film is biased in his favor. He is not a criminal who is eventually brought to justice; he accepts death voluntarily and elegantly, after being betrayed by the only person he was attached to. He is always racy and elliptical, insolent and virile. When a passer-by asks him for a light, he presses a coin into the man's hand and says: "Go and treat yourself to a box of matches." He persuades the American girl to get into bed with him, and they disappear under the sheet, which jigs significantly up and down as the radio plays "Music While You Work." He never rides in a bus or subway; he simply appropriates the most luxurious car that happens to be at hand by lifting up the hood and establishing contact with a piece of wire. Every detail of his behavior emphasizes his superb indifference to society: when he asks for a telephone number he gives the figures confusingly in Belgian French; when a pedestrian is knocked down in front of him, he crosses himself ironically and moves on; President Eisenhower is in Paris on his state visit, but Michel and his girl friend move through the crowds without as much as a glance at the official procession.

THIS deliberate flouting of generally accepted convention produces some remarkably realistic effects. Many of those small inconsequential quirks of human nature, such as Fellini and Bergman are so good at suggesting, find their way into a French film, perhaps for the first time. The emotional relationship between the young man and the girl, precisely because it is in some ways so unemotional, so ill-defined, so improvised at each step, although they are technically lovers, has an unusually exciting tang.

One's first reaction, then, is, "What a fine new talent!" There has been a lot of

talk recently in France about writing being finally superseded by the cinema, although novels still come rolling from the press. The "camera-fountain-pen" (*caméra-stylo*) has become a common expression, and we are told that Godard carried still further a practice initiated by some other "new wave" directors: inventing his picture as he went along, without relying on any script at all. By making no concession to "beautiful" photography and disregarding all the rules, he produces an astonishing impression of immediacy. But the first glow of satisfaction soon wears off, and it is not long before the shoddiness of the hero reduces the film to mere entertainment. He is not unrealistic; indeed, at the very moment when *Breathless* was first being shown, the papers were full of the trial of a certain "Monsieur Bill," a young man of good family who had behaved more or less in the same way as Michel. The trouble is that Michel is just not as impressive a human being as the overtones of the film seem to imply. He cannot really be a hero because his suicidal behavior during the course of the film argues a totally incoherent mind and a complete divorce from reality. We are being asked to feel tragic sympathy with someone who is no more than a shallow-minded delinquent and who might not, we suspect, be capable of some of the more intelligent remarks his creator puts into his mouth. The romanticism of the conception comes out very clearly when Michel pauses in front of a cinema poster advertising a Humphrey Bogart film and whispers reverently to himself, "Bogey!" I don't think the exclamation is ironical, but if it is not ironical, it is certainly silly, because the hero has taken as his prototype not a real adventurer but an actor who impersonated adventurers. And of course he smokes, wears his hat, answers the telephone, strips to his undershirt, drives, and lounges about in a style which shows that all his life he has been fed on a diet of American films. The cinema may or may not be superseding the novel; it is

undoubtedly like the novel in that it imitates itself as much or more than it imitates real life. In this case the impression of immediacy is all the more deceptive in that American conventions are being imposed on a French background. Admittedly such transfers now occur constantly in real life and not only in France; a number of young English people, for instance, have made very concrete fortunes through being the shadows of American shadows. But a good, serious work of art would take this psychological flimsiness itself as its theme. It would not be chiefly, like *Breathless*, an enjoyable, sophisticated example of such flimsiness.

I HAVE described *Breathless* at some length, partly because Sartre praised it and partly because it shows a combination of several tendencies present in both the cinema and the novel. On the one hand, it is a product of Americanization in its portrayal of the gangster-adventurer type; on the other, it is connected with the long tradition of anarchic individualism running through French literature, a tradition which has re-emerged in various forms since commitment began to go out of fashion.

How far back we should go in searching for the origins of the anarchic individual is a debatable question. If we are academically thorough, we shall trace him at least to the Middle Ages and see his first delineation in the vagabond-adventurer, the feudal misfit. Later, for about two and a half centuries, the picaresque hero romped through several literatures and a still larger number of countries. Sometimes he died in isolation and failure; at other times he won a place in society and became a pillar of the established order. 18th-century France was alive with *pícaros*, and it was the most famous of them, *pícaro-Figaro*, who delivered the great monologue which immediately preceded the Revolution. Napoleon then shot through European society and provided the perfect tragic model of the unin-

tegrated individual who finds it simpler to remake the world than to adapt himself to it. In literature he spawned the Julien Sorels and the Rastignacs who have haunted the imagination of practically every vigorous young Frenchman to this day.

About three-quarters of all French novels deal with the problem of the young man who wants both to assert his personality against the world and to conquer his niche in society. Only rarely, it must be admitted, does this primal urge develop into a comprehensive philosophy; it usually falls short of anything approaching total organization. But since the war, Sartre and Camus at least have been notable for their sustained and ingenious attempts to move from the individual consciousness to general statements about society, without sacrificing either the private personality or the public weal. Since their endeavors failed there has been a new, confused, and confusing outburst of individualism on the part of lesser, although sometimes very gifted, men. It is in this context that one should place *Breathless*. There has been a retreat from commitment, if one understands the term in its broadest sense, which is (I take it) the belief that the individual can be in a significant and operative relationship of solidarity with society as a whole. This retreat can be traced in the contradictions of the "new wave" films, the plethora of insolent "young" novels, the obsessive Stendhalianism of some older writers, and the technical peculiarities of the new experimental novel.

The term "new wave" has been applied rather indiscriminately to a number of films, from *Hiroshima*, *Mon Amour* by Alain Resnais and Marguerite Duras, to *The Four Hundred Blows* by François Truffaut, both of which, at first sight, appear to be "committed." The new mood emerges most clearly, however, in *The Lovers* by Louis Malle, *The Cousins* and *A Double Tour* ("Doublelocked"—unreleased) by Claude Chabrol, *Plein Soleil*

(not released) by René Clément, and *Pickpocket* (not released) by Robert Bresson (although the last two do not belong to the young generation). In each case the formula — probably unconscious — is a compound of anarchism, romantic glorification of the individual, insolence, and a rather muddled appreciation of “authenticity.” It would be tedious to recount the various plots which, for commercial reasons, sometimes veer into eroticism or thriller sequences, or which may end happily or unhappily. The point is that the central figures are always uneasy young people with whom we are obviously expected to sympathize, but who have only a limited understanding of their situation. This would not matter if the limitation were understood and transcended by the film makers, but one suspects that it is really in their own minds.

The Lovers deals with a dissatisfied young woman of the upper class who deserts her husband, and her current conventional lover, to run off with a comparatively poor young man who strikes her as being genuine. The stiltedness and artificiality of the *grande bourgeoisie* are well described, and the implication is that we, the spectators, understand the young woman’s discovery of genuineness and must approve of her choice. Actually, all the moral issues are scamped. If the young man is as decent and circumspect as he is supposed to be, he would not go to bed at once with the young woman under her husband’s roof. If the woman had seen the light, she would not abandon her child as easily as she does. Where we would expect some artistic expression of the human dilemma, we are given instead a long, pseudo-poetic walk in the moonlight, followed by a copulation scene. The sophisticated details are not matched by any central grasp of the subject.

The Cousins and *A Double Tour* show the same preoccupation with upper-class luxury accompanied by confused assertion of the self. The first contains a very good portrait of an up-to-date Parisian dandy,

elaborate in speech, outrageous in behavior, intelligent, yet with no interest or purpose in life. He is contrasted with his country cousin, who is keen to pass examinations and enjoy the love of a good woman. But the country mouse represents the most unintelligent type of sentimental conformism, and the film ends inconclusively and pretentiously with the sophisticated cousin accidentally shooting the naive boy, while the gramophone plays some portentous Wagner. As for *A Double Tour*, like *The Lovers*, it is partly an excellent satire on upper-class life, which at the same time contains an unconvincing representative of genuineness, in the person of a foul-mouthed, badly behaved young man, whose function seems to be to live parasitically on the bourgeoisie and to insult it while he is doing so. The young actor, Belmondo, who played this part, gave such a dazzling performance that he was at once established as the main “new wave” star (and the hero of *Breathless*). But the film itself, for all its cleverness, is quite incoherent. It dwells lovingly and fascinatingly on the most expensive type of interior decoration at the same time as it invites us to be, like the parasitical young anarchist, bluff, outspoken, and contemptuous of money.

ONE sees a similar irresponsibility even in *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, which is obviously meant to be a major propagandist statement in favor of peace and social harmony. It is clearly a goodhearted film and it transcends national barriers; the French heroine has a love affair first with a German soldier of the army of occupation in France, and many years later with a Japanese ex-soldier in Hiroshima, where she is making a pacifist documentary. What spoils it is the violent, self-centered romanticism of the personal relationships, which are so uncontrolled that they hold out little hope for the eventual peaceful reorganization of the world. There is no presentation of the moral problem of having an affair with a German in occupied

France, or of the possible repercussions of a love affair between two already married people in Hiroshima. The assumption appears to be that powerful individual emotions of this kind are a law unto themselves, but if so, no moral systems are possible.

A similar fascination with incoherent self-assertiveness can be traced in *Plein Soleil* by René Clément, and *Pickpocket* by Bresson. The only recent French film I have seen which deals fairly with the question of social maladjustment is *The Four Hundred Blows* (although I am told that many of the details about primary schools and reformatories are out of date). It is not that the others present unrealistic types: the characters are quite often convincing and subtly observed. The mistake is that (apart from Truffaut who remains impartial though sympathetic) the "new wave" directors seem to want us actively to applaud social attitudes and behavior which are inadequate and often self-contradictory. Their anti-bourgeois dandyism is, at the same time, self-pitying and strangely bourgeois.

THERE is no need to insist on the pattern of romantic anarchism in the novel. Since Stendhal's *The Red and the Black* and Balzac's *Père Goriot*, the young man on the make—both socially and sexually—has been the typical French hero. French literature in the 20th century can boast several remarkable *Bildungsromane* before the period of "commitment": Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*, Roger Martin du Gard's *The Thibaults*, Gide's complete works which are a kind of life-long, autobiographical *roman d'apprentissage*, Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will*, and so on. Whatever unorthodox opinions these books may contain, their tone is far more serious, and their matter more complex, than is the case with the many recent novels about crazy mixed-up kids and rebels without a cause. The new trend began actually with Roger Nimier, when Sartre was at the height of his fame. It

has continued in the novels of Antoine Blondin, Christiane Rochefort, Jacques Serguine, and Bertrand Poirot-Delpech, to mention only four. These are symptomatic works, sophisticated yet streaked with sentimentality, full of drink, sex, easy money, and confusion. So alike are they in atmosphere that when you open yet another, you feel that they are not written by individuals but by the *Zeitgeist*.

Much more curious is the form of retreat from the total problem of living that has been adopted by some older and better-known writers. Giono, who used to be the poet of the simple Southern agrarian life, was a pacifist during the war; Roger Vailland was a Communist sympathizer; Aragon still is an active Communist; yet they have produced—in *Angéle* (not translated), *The Law*, and *La Semaine Sainte* (also not translated)—literary exercises which read like pastiches of Stendhal. They show in a particularly concentrated form an influence which is perhaps the most potent in modern French literature. This archaizing tendency is, on reflection, quite comprehensible. Stendhal was very much the sensitive, intelligent individualist, struggling to administer his private happiness and to maintain his balance and self-respect in an era of social upheavals comparable to our own. He was cynical yet lyrical, introspective yet gay, and in the long run he has perhaps proved most important as the inventor of a certain tone: rapid, shrewd, tremulous, yet off-hand, it provides a ready-made solution in a world of shifting problems and uncertain horizons. But artistically it is always wrong to adopt ready-made solutions, and the three books I have mentioned have no more substance than an echo. Stendhal's tone is authentic for himself because he was committed to a certain conception of honor and good behavior. He went bobbing through the waves of contemporary history like a gallant and rather ridiculous duckling, and his tone is determined by the resistance of his temperament to the surrounding pressures. But the Stendhal-

ianism of Giono, Vailland, and Aragon is a form of abdication. *Angélo* and *La Semaine Sainte* are historical novels about the Stendhalian period (which was not, of course, historical for Stendhal); *The Law* is better, being modern, but it is set in Stendhal's Italy and peopled by characters who derive partly from him and partly from Laclos. It is strange to see talented men writing at such great length and, consciously or unconsciously, letting their talent freewheel.*

IT MAY at first sight seem fanciful to include the new experimental novel (*le nouveau roman*) in the general retreat from commitment. The works of Alain Robbe-Grillet, Nathalie Sarraute, and Michel Butor are austere, intellectual compositions which, far from representing a retreat, claim to be breaking new ground. They demand a concentrated effort on the part of their readers; each word has obviously been weighed with great care, and they have no apparent link with the facile anarchistic excitements of the "new wave" films. Yet they come with suspicious neatness just after the wave of "committed" literature, rather as, in the 19th century, Parnassian impassibility succeeded romantic fervor. Sartre, Camus, and Simone de Beauvoir were concerned with the large questions of the destiny of man in the world; the new highbrow novelists avoid general issues and concentrate on minute particulars, seeking only to give them internal connections within the context of the individual work. And this concentration on internal organization can be seen as a desire to create an autonomous "object," an aesthetic whole, which is sufficiently complex—indeed sufficiently obscure or incomprehensible—to be an end in itself.

Robbe-Grillet, in writing his three major books—*The Voyeur*, *Jealousy*, and

In the Labyrinth (to be published in English later this year)—has obviously borrowed something from the cinema and the detective novel, but not their concern with immediate social reality. His attention dwells on the external world with the insistence and impartiality of a cinema camera making a documentary exploration. Often when we are watching the wordless part of a documentary, a feeling of numbness sets in; what are we to *think* about a branch outlined against the sky or a flower nodding in the breeze? Robbe-Grillet produces a similar effect by removing all metaphors from his descriptions, all suggestion of a comprehensible relationship, not only with the world of things but also with the human world, since people, in his writing, being no more than a series of sterilized appearances, become as remote as inanimate objects. From the detective novel he has taken the concept of suspense; the numb, mysterious world he is describing—an island off the Breton coast in *The Voyeur*, a tropical bungalow in *Jealousy*, a snowy urban landscape in *In the Labyrinth*—seems in each case to be moving toward some resolution. Is the hero of *The Voyeur* an assassin? Has adultery been committed in *Jealousy*? Will the soldier in *In the Labyrinth* accomplish his mission, and what is the importance of the parcel he is carrying? But a resolution would suppose, as in the detective novel, a distinction between good and evil, the acceptance of some collective judgment about life, an explanation of motive, an emergence into rationality. Robbe-Grillet clearly wishes to avoid any explanation of this kind, partly no doubt because he thinks that all explanations are inadequate to total reality, about which there is nothing to be said except that it exists, and partly because an explanation demolishes, aesthetically, what has gone before. He does not say so, but perhaps he feels that one of the reasons why detective novels do not go on repeating in the imagination is that they are killed by their conclusions. Therefore his suspense remains unbroken,

* Since this was written, Vailland has published a new novel, *La Fête*, in which he states openly that he has lost interest in all general issues.

and the ends of his books are as noncommittal as the beginnings. One suspects that he would like to make a book that could be approached from any direction, like a piece of sculpture. The chronological sequence, inseparable from any linguistic exposition, is irksome to him, and he tries to nullify it by the deliberate introduction of incoherence. The result is at once fascinating and acutely boring. Robbe-Grillet succeeds in creating an object which is valid in the sense that it has a dreamlike heaviness, but which is irritating, because it seems in the last resort to be no more than a high-class puzzle on the margin of life. He creates a vacuum which has a kind of frustrated excitement, because life is trying to rush back into it and each possible leak has been carefully stopped. This austere poetry of negation can appear as an absolutely symmetrical recoil from commitment.

Butor is a good deal more "normal" in that he invents recognizable plots. *L'Emploi du Temps* (not yet published in English) is about the experiences of a young Frenchman in England; *Change of Heart* is an account of a train journey between Paris and Rome, during which the traveler decides that, after all, he will not leave his wife to set up house with his mistress; *Degrés* (also not translated) relates the unsuccessful attempt of a Parisian schoolmaster to recapture the reality of an hour of school life. Yet, except in the first part of *L'Emploi du Temps*, where Butor appears to be translating his own immediate reaction to the dreariness of the English Midland landscape, the human content is spread very thin and fades out of the mind almost the moment the books have been read. What remains, here, too, is the impression of an elaborate puzzle-like structure, which the novelist has created as a way of celebrating a private poetic rite. His characters are dim and commonplace, and are set in motion chiefly to allow him to play games with the concept of time. *L'Emploi du Temps* is a double entry diary which stops at the

point where the retrospective notes catch up with the contemporary ones; *Change of Heart* is a movement through time and space toward self-discovery; *Degrés* seems to be based on the belief that the more one tries to grasp a fragment of time, the more complex and elusive that fragment becomes. In each case the idea is brilliant, but the completed work is an impressive construction with little or no content, as if Butor were not coming to grips with anything, but merely letting his mind amuse itself with an immense and arduous doodle.

UNLIKE Robbe-Grillet and Butor, Nathalie Sarraute appears to be entirely absorbed in the psychology of behavior, and therefore it would seem impossible to fit her into the general pattern I am describing. She is certainly a woman who, on the level of ordinary living, has political opinions, and she was at one time very close to Sartre. But if the reader did not know this, could he deduce it from her writing? Her basic interest is in "tropisms," the tiny impulses of the organism which form, as it were, the molecular composition of the emotional phenomena crudely referred to in ordinary language as "love," "hatred," "fear," and so on. Her aim is to take a microscope to human nature and to carry still further the kind of analysis already pursued by Dostoevsky and Proust. In her theoretical statements she goes so far as to imply that such analysis must eventually bring to light the basic sameness of human nature from individual to individual. Her recent and most elaborate book, *The Planetarium*, corresponds to her theories in the sense that all the characters are embedded in a nameless psychological flux, from which they only partly emerge. It is as if we were looking at a pointilist picture from rather too close a range. This is, in itself, an interesting experiment which may well lead to an enrichment of the novel, but so far Mme. Sarraute has applied her method to material of comparatively little importance.

The blurb on the cover of *The Planetary* states that the plot does not count; insofar as it becomes clear, it concerns a young couple who want to find a new flat and who have uneasy relationships with their family and their social superiors. The details, though minute, appear to relate more to the nervous fringes of their personalities than to any central preoccupations, so that what Mme. Sarraute gives us is really a "bourgeois" novel about frivolous characters, and the seriousness lies only in the experimental presentation. The thinness of the plot *does* count; we do not find here, as in Proust, such a deep and serious analysis of frivolity that the shoddy characters become universally representative. And so it is possible to feel the same sense of frustration with Mme. Sarraute as with Robbe-Grillet and Butor. Subtlety of notation is not subordinated to any general, implied system of values.

IN MAKING these comments on contemporary French films and books, I have assumed all along that the best form of art comes squarely to grips with "reality," and that the dominant trend in present-day France is toward various sophisticated ways of avoiding a total grasp of "reality." Perhaps I should add that these remarks do not depend on any simple view of commitment or the social function of art. Sartre himself sometimes confused the issue by making commitment synonymous with taking a stand on immediate political issues. It was foolish of him to attack Flaubert for not being socially active like Zola; Flaubert was committed in the sense that he always wrote seriously and with his whole mind, although his mind may have been regrettably limited. Nor does Sartre frankly admit that it is just as possible for a committed artist to be reactionary as it is for him to be progressive. Nor again does he make it clear that there may be more commitment in a fantasy such as *Alice in Wonderland* than in the latest political tract. He is right in his assumption that there must be total responsibility;

wrong to conclude that this responsibility should be immediately translatable into action or that an anti-bourgeois attitude is automatically a sign of seriousness. He is not very helpful either on the question of distinguishing between good and bad committed works. According to his theories, two recent French novels which are in violent contrast to the trend I have been trying to define—Romain Gary's *The Roots of Heaven* and André Schwarz-Bart's *The Last of the Just* (to be published here in the fall)—should be good because each has a strong humanitarian thesis vividly worked out. The first is a parable in which African elephants are used to symbolize the non-utilitarian values which are being driven out of the modern world; the second a harrowing account of the persecution of Jewish mystics throughout the ages. However, I should say that *The Roots of Heaven* is definitely a failure, because the commitment is high-pitched and rhetorical (as it is in some of the poorer works of Sartre himself, such as *The Devil and the Good Lord*); while *The Last of the Just*, though a profoundly moving book, is imperfect because the horror of the subject is not always aesthetically controlled.

Not only does Sartre's theory leave some points undecided; his practice, like that of Camus and Simone de Beauvoir, can also be seen as leading in some respects to the present mood. When we look back now over the major novels of these three writers, we realize that although they are serious, responsible, and in varying degrees aesthetically successful, they have no practical "solution" to offer, in spite of their didactic ambitions. Sartre's first novel, *Nausea* (probably his finest piece of writing), presents a central character who is struggling to make sense of life, both philosophically and socially; in the end, he arrives at a conclusion which, if not "art for art's sake," is very near to "life for art's sake": he decides that he can come to terms with existence only by creating some work of literature which

will give him the relief that was provided, in his moments of most acute distress, by a record of a Negro singer chanting "Some of These Days." One feels that *Nausea* itself is for Sartre precisely that book, and like Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*, it ends at the point where the author is about to begin writing it. But Sartre was not content with this. He wanted to go on to show characters faced with the problem of choice within the context of contemporary French politics, and so he began on his tetralogy, *Les Chemins de la Liberté* (in English: *The Age of Reason, The Reprieve, Troubled Sleep*), the title of which has all the optimism that appears at first sight to characterize his general existentialist position. Yet the message of the novel is tragic; the roads to freedom lead nowhere, so much so that Sartre has not published volume four and now seems unlikely to do so. His chief character, Mathieu, a semi-Bohemian schoolmaster (obviously very closely modeled on Sartre himself), drifts impotently along, bothered by a bad conscience about the Spanish Civil War and the Munich crisis, but inextricably involved in his own unsatisfactory love affairs. He is eventually called up in 1939, the French army is defeated, and Mathieu sacrifices his life in a futile attempt to hold up the German advance. Since he knows that the attempt is hopeless, his death is either a romantic gesture based on an old-fashioned patriotism that he normally does not accept, or a form of suicide through impatience and frustration. Sartre leaves the matter in some doubt and it may be that he himself is not fully conscious of the implications. But his other exemplary character, Brunot the Communist, who is contrasted all through with Mathieu as a man of faith and resolution, fails just as completely. He behaves heroically, rallies the men in the prison camp, and then discovers that the party line has changed in a way which makes nonsense of his previous career. How he finally reacts to this disaster we shall presumably never know, because it

occurs in a fragment of the unpublished volume four which appeared in Sartre's monthly, *Les Temps Modernes*. By a curious effect of paradoxical symmetry, the only major character in Sartre's series who achieves anything approaching self-fulfilment is the third member of the trio of friends, Daniel, a homosexual anarchist. Once society has been really upset by war, he begins to feel at home, because his peculiarities flourish in confusion. He, of course, foreshadows the Jean Genêt type, with whom Sartre was to be so fascinated later, and who has obvious connections with the chaotic heroes of the "new wave" films and recent middlebrow novels.

A review of Sartre's other books would show the same pattern. While he remains theoretically optimistic in that he insists upon the freedom of choice, his works of art are tragedies, some good, some frankly bad; the good ones, such as *Dirty Hands*, are impressive precisely because they embody the tragedy of an attempted total relationship with society.

A SIMILAR pattern of movement from individual awareness to social responsibility, and then to ironical failure, can be traced in Camus' novels. Meursault, the hero of his first book, *The Stranger*, is rather more muddled than Roquentin in *Nausea*. He feels no particular reason to do anything except carry on with his minor office job in Algiers, enjoy the sea and the sunshine in his leisure hours, and pass unthinkingly from one casual relationship to another. Through an accidental chain of circumstances he kills an Arab and is condemned to death; the book is to be taken as his retrospective meditation before execution. Much as I admire this work, I think it is open to objections on the ground of concealed sentimentality. Camus is biased in favor of his hero and, consciously or unconsciously, presents him as a sympathetic social alien. Yet within the context of the book, this is almost a contradiction in terms. If he is as indifferent to everything as he is said to be, why is

he shown to be instinctively aware of the decency of certain human relationships, particularly between very humble, almost inarticulate people? Then the superbly satirical trial scene is to some extent irrelevant. The implication is that Meursault is being condemned for the wrong reasons, simply because he does not conform to conventional bourgeois morality. This is true up to a point; the law has to find a culprit for the crime that has been committed, and it does so in its usual approximate way. But Camus seems to want us to believe that since Meursault does not know why he committed his crime, he is innocent, while society, in condemning him, is in the wrong. The anti-social, anti-bourgeois effects are just a shade too facile in this concluding section, because Camus neglects the point that the law, in order to function, has to assume responsibility in the criminal (if he is not insane). It may be true that he is profoundly and obscurely non-responsible, but this is not a fact that the law can take cognizance of, and to reproach it, even indirectly, for not doing so, is to fall into unreality. The novel would have been better if Camus had shown more impartially how the law is, in the nature of things, clumsy and rhetorically formal. He shows this, but he is not impartial, and the romantic confusion of the last part of *The Stranger*, which has proved to be a tremendously influential book, may have helped to encourage the irresponsible trend in more recent writers.

THE *Plague*, although it contains a doubtful passage on the death penalty, is more coherently successful. It is a beautifully austere and measured account of how human nature can face up to the horror of the plague and meet the malevolence of the universe with a despairing dignity. It has, however, a limitation about which Camus may not have been absolutely clear. The evil his characters are coping with is an impersonal, natural scourge, yet he seems at times to present it as being also symbolic of social, human

evil. Admittedly, war and national enslavement, which were his immediate source of inspiration, can seem so incomprehensible that they take on the characteristics of an act of God, but they cannot be seen as such for long if one retains the concept of free will, which is obviously necessary in Camus' didactic system. Germs are not the same things as Germans, and so the allegory is not as broad as he perhaps meant it to be. He is not describing the full drama of commitment in the 20th century; rather he is rewriting Voltaire's *Candide*, and pointing an accusing finger at God for allowing such phenomena as the Lisbon earthquake and the plague. The thing that makes one doubt the permanence of the work is the fact that it will eventually have to compete with Voltaire's masterpiece, which makes all the same points more rapidly and in rather more astringent poetic prose.

The Fall, the last major literary work Camus published in his lifetime, gives a surprisingly bitter and negative analysis of human nature, very different from the grave nobility of the central characters in *The Plague*. In Jean-Baptiste Clamence, the ex-barrister who has retreated from Paris to the underworld of Amsterdam because he had lost all faith in the conventions by which he lived and which sustained his self-respect, and who has become a voice crying in a gray Northern wilderness of sea and fog, Camus draws a picture of the sinning soul which despairs of any positive relationship with other human souls and is really addressing itself to God. *The Fall* was perhaps intended to be no more than an episode in Camus' output, a self-confession to clear the air, a protest against premature canonization as a Nobel lay saint, but the fact remains that (unless the unpublished manuscripts show a new departure) his last successful artistic endeavor was an ironical expression of complete individual and social disillusionment.

Simone de Beauvoir's *The Mandarins*, an account of the intellectual atmosphere

of postwar Paris, is far less powerful from the literary point of view than the works of Sartre or Camus. Even so, it is well worth considering in this respect, because the two heroes, Robert Dubreuilh and Henri Perron, are generally supposed to be modeled precisely on Sartre and Camus. At any rate they are two front-rank writers who are trying to achieve some correspondence between their convictions and their conduct in the post-Liberation turmoil; since they come fresh from the Resistance movement, commitment is with them absolutely axiomatic. The relevant point for our purpose is that the two men fail completely. Perron becomes involved with an ex-collaborationist actress and finds himself giving false testimony on her behalf in a court of law. Eventually, Perron marries Dubreuilh's daughter and becomes the father of a baby which, in the most naive and traditional way, symbolizes the transmission of unsolved problems to the future. Neither he nor Dubreuilh achieves anything on the political level, being instinctively anti-American and yet unable to work with the Communists. They join forces to start a new weekly newspaper, and we leave them at the point where they are about to repeat the sort of collective politico-literary undertaking which has already failed.

It is easy to see how a reading of these major postwar writers could encourage the more recent generation to think that commitment was in any case doomed to failure. When one comes to think of it, the French literary scene is littered with failed enterprises, magnificent and fragmentary. Jules Romains' quest for an understanding of society ended in a riot of eroticism and pointless gossip. Duhamel's Salavin series and the *Chronique des Pasquiers* never quite rose above the anecdotal. Montherlant, wildly individualistic yet with some notions of noblesse oblige, oscillated between the cult of sex and religious

renunciation, and has now declined into pagan sadness. Malraux's Gaullism, paradoxically, is not a form of commitment, and is certainly not sensed as such by the younger generation; there is no sign that Malraux is rethinking Gaullism as a policy in the modern world; what has happened is that this brilliant and neurotic writer has moved from the heroic masochism of his novels to the acceptance of an innocuous, marginal propaganda pose as a sort of "Minister of Things Eternal." Strangely enough, the foremost committed writer at the moment, the man who exercises some influence on public opinion, is the ex-life-hater François Mauriac; old age has carried him beyond the sexual knottiness of his novels, and he has become the voice of traditional, enlightened bourgeois common sense, flatly refusing to be swept off his feet by the *nouvelle vague* or the *nouveau roman*, and making certain limited but useful points with dogged insistence. But his Gaullism plus common sense is not a positive basis for the cultural life; it is at best a decent provisional expedient.

It is tempting to sum up the present situation as follows: de Gaulle came to power two years ago as a result of the deadlock caused by the innumerable conflicting forces in the country; since then France has had a father-figure, who is at once Louis XIV, a living monument, and everybody's bourgeois papa; while he is there, the naughty boys can be as romantically turbulent as they like, and even serious writers can forget at times to be solemn and enjoy the entertaining spectacle of their frivolity. Or, to put it another way, after the adult, responsible, and tragic preoccupations of the postwar period, France is going through a phase of sophisticated anarchism, within a framework of authority and prosperity. It may not last long, but meanwhile it has its own distinctive flavor.

DRUG ADDICTION IN AMERICA & ENGLAND

EDWIN M. SCHUR

THERE are in the United States about 60,000 opiate addicts, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics estimates, and some medical experts believe that 1,000,000 is closer to the actual number of those addicted to morphine, heroin, and related drugs. Neither figure, however startling, indicates in itself the far-reaching ramifications of the addiction problem. For a complicated web of corruption, degradation, vicious police practice, and secondary crime has developed around the use of narcotics in America. At its center stands the punitive anti-addict policy embodied in our narcotics laws.

The country's first major legislative effort to control narcotics, the Harrison Act, was to set the direction for all future legislation in this field. The law, passed by Congress in 1914 and still in effect, was essentially a tax measure designed to regulate the handling of narcotics by distributors and dispensers. While saying nothing about addicts as such, it was very broadly interpreted to mean that a doctor's "good faith" prescription of narcotics to an addict was itself improper; and since this law's enactment, few medical practitioners have cared to take the risk of trying to help a narcotics patient with his problems. In recent years, considerably more stringent anti-narcotics legislation has been enacted—much of it, paradoxically, tending to perpetuate the very condition meant to be curbed. The Boggs Act provided minimum mandatory sentences for all narcotics offenses—it followed the 1951 Kefauver

Committee's investigations publicizing the narcotics problem. Four years later, a Senate subcommittee investigation, under the chairmanship of then Senator Price Daniel, led to the federal Narcotics Control Act of 1956, which both raises previous minimum sentences for violations and permits the death penalty to be imposed on adults found guilty of selling heroin to persons under eighteen. This law—like most of the country's drug statutes—fails to provide the proper distinction between the addict and the peddler who is a non-addict: the *mere fact* of possession, purchase, sale, or transfer of narcotics is made punishable. So, too, a vast array of state laws prohibits the unauthorized possession and transfer of narcotics; finally, in several states, addiction is in itself a crime.

The legal position of the American addict was neatly summed up by Dr. Herbert Berger in testimony before the Daniel committee: "It is illegal to prescribe narcotics for an addict, it is illegal to fill a prescription for an addict, it is illegal for an addict to possess narcotics, or in some states, even a syringe or other material which he might use for the taking of narcotics." Addicts, he continued, have been almost completely isolated from the medical profession, "the one group of individuals who might have brought to them some relief from their present deplorable state."

It is this very isolation which has pushed the addict straight into the black market. The addict's inability to get to the doctor obviously furnishes the economic incentive that supports the thriving underworld traffic in drugs. "It is precisely our law enforcement efforts," one authority has remarked, "and nothing else, that keeps the price of drugs, nearly worthless in themselves, so

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high as to attract an endless procession of criminal entrepreneurs to keep the traffic flowing." This crucial supply-and-demand factor was granted even by Commissioner of Narcotics Harry J. Anslinger—though seemingly he never tires of applauding the laws he administers; he wrote (along with W. F. Tompkins) that "the diversion of supplies from the regular medical channels causes a sharp rise in prices in the domestic illegal market, and the consequent large profits form a constant temptation and incentive to smugglers who are still able to obtain the drug abroad at comparatively modest prices." According to one estimate—a conservative one—a supply of heroin purchased abroad for \$1,500 would be likely to wholesale in New York for around \$6,000; split up for retailing throughout the country, it might eventually bring \$200,000.

THE high price of illegal drugs almost invariably forces the addict into crime. Although some law enforcement authorities take a different view of addict crime, social scientists generally agree that its main cause lies in the addict's need for money to buy drugs in the illicit market. Addicts have comparatively high arrest rates for non-violent property crimes (and for prostitution), and comparatively low rates for violent offenses against the person (rape, assault, homicide). In a recent report on juvenile drug use in New York, Professors Isidor Chein and Eva Rosenfeld stated:

The average addicted youngster spends about forty dollars a week on drugs, often as much as seventy dollars. He is too young and unskilled to be able to support his habit by his earnings. The connection between drug use and delinquency for "profit" has been established beyond any doubt. Apart from the users' own free admission of having committed crimes like burglary, there is independent evidence that in those areas of the city where drug rates went up, the proportion of juvenile delinquencies likely to result in cash incomes also went up, while the proportion of delinquencies which are primarily behavior disturbances (rape, assault, auto theft, disorderly conduct) went down. Available knowledge about the behavior of drug users in juvenile gangs also indicates that they show preferences for income-producing delinquencies, as against participation in gang warfare, vandalism, and general hell-raising.

But our narcotics laws do worse than just foster this black market situation: if only indirectly, they promote the spread of addiction. The drug peddler who profits by supplying narcotics, obviously stands to gain if he can enlarge his market. This means creating new addicts. Likewise addicts themselves turn to the selling of drugs in the effort to finance their own habit. It is not hard to understand why the illicit narcotics traffic has assumed the proportions of big business. A Daniel committee report, issued in 1956, stated that this traffic "now costs over \$500 million per year, to say nothing of the human lives shortened or destroyed."

The underworld traffic in drugs is, plainly, too enormous for existing law enforcement agencies to handle. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics, with headquarters in Washington and district offices in key areas throughout the country, has a staff of only some four hundred employees; there is, in addition, a considerably wider interlocking anti-narcotics police network, comprising the Bureau and at least segments of the regular police organizations in most states. (Attempts to seize contraband drugs at the point of entry into the country have largely failed, and the failure has been viewed in two ways. Critics of current policy insist that if people want drugs badly enough to pay high prices for them, a way always will be found to make the drugs available. Enforcement officers, on the other hand, stress the prohibitive manpower requirements of effective smuggling control. All would perhaps agree with Commissioner Anslinger's oft quoted statement that the combined forces of the army, the navy, the Narcotics Bureau, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation could not stop the smuggling of narcotics.)

Narcotics agents have been forced to rely heavily on addict informers. But—as a police expert has pointed out—"whenever addicts are used as informers, the peddlers either cut off their supply, thus forcing them out of the community, or arrange to have them murdered." Although anti-narcotics drives have employed police decoys, and searches and seizures which raised serious questions of constitutionality, even these extreme methods have failed to achieve any impressive results. Recent reports of the Federal Bureau of Investigation cite some

7,000 or more annual arrests for violations of state narcotics laws alone, yet there is little reason to believe that these represent more than a fraction of all the violations that occurred.*

WHATEVER impact the enforcement effort does have is felt most strongly not by the big-time narcotics profiteer, but by the addict himself. Four grades of sellers in the American drug traffic were listed by a New York Academy of Medicine report in 1955: the importer, who is rarely an addict; the professional wholesaler, also rarely an addict; the peddler, who may be an addict; and the pusher, an addict who sells to get funds for his own drug supply. Despite those occasional—and well-publicized—exposés of “dope rings” and “drug syndicates,” enforcement efforts in this country have had little effect at the “executive level” of the drug traffic. Any limited success has been mainly at the expense of the addicts, the pushers, perhaps the peddlers. Professor Alfred Lindesmith recently described the “long, shabby, pitiful parade of indigent drug users and petty offenders, mostly Negroes,” seen in the Chicago Narcotics Court and other municipal courts throughout the country. As he points out, “The notion that punishing these victims will deter the lords of the dope traffic is as naive as supposing that the bootlegging enterprises of the late Al Capone could have been destroyed by arresting drunks on West Madison Street or Times Square.”

This perfervid anti-addict activity has been coupled with a modest effort to develop a medical treatment program for addicts. The U. S. Public Health Service hospitals for addicts at Lexington, Kentucky, and Fort Worth, Texas, accept both voluntary patients and those committed to the hospitals on conviction of violating federal narcotics laws. A comprehensive treatment

routine includes gradual withdrawal from drugs, vocational and recreational activities, and some kind of psychotherapy. This program, too, has had only a limited success. It is recognized by most experts that relapse in addiction cases is the rule rather than the exception. Dr. Herbert Berger, already cited, has stated that the relapse rate probably approaches 90 per cent (“and most addicts seem to think it exceeds that figure”). As he points out, “We in medicine do not accept with equanimity any treatment that fails to achieve cure in even 5 percent of the cases of any specified disease. Yet the United States government is committed to a plan of action which fails more than 90 percent of the time.”

Nor can expansion of treatment facilities be expected to solve the addiction problem. All such efforts suffer from the general tenor of American narcotics policy—a policy based upon compulsion. The addict cannot be “cured” against his will—a fact too often overlooked; and once treated, there is no way of insuring that he will remain abstinent. Commissioner Anslinger is, of course, a staunch advocate of the compulsory confinement (for treatment) of addicts; and perhaps he unwittingly reflects the attitude implicit in such an approach when he writes: “The great majority of addicts are parasitic. This parasitic drug addict is a tremendous burden on the community. He represents a continuing problem to the police through his depredations against society.” In this statement of the Commissioner’s, suggesting that the addict is more a public enemy than a troubled person, we see embodied the official approach to addiction in the United States. Condemned by the “public,” hounded by the police, exploited by the black marketeer, and ravaged by the physiological and psychological pressures of his own condition, the addict has no choice, finally, but to act as though he really were a “public enemy.”

In sharp contrast is the situation of addicts in Great Britain. At one time it was possible to obtain opiates in Britain (as it was in the United States) without prescription at the neighborhood chemist’s, and unrecognized addiction was widespread. Yet today estimates of the number of addicts in the United Kingdom run from between 300 to 500. British addicts commit little serious

* Like many social problems in America, addiction is concentrated in the big cities—and particularly in the most crowded and underprivileged areas of those cities. Thus, Negroes have a disproportionately high rate of narcotics arrests (in terms of their proportion to the general population), and police officials claim that they make up a large segment of the total addict population. Although the extent of juvenile addiction has sometimes been exaggerated, a considerable number of juveniles and young adults do use drugs.

crime, nor are there any signs of the juvenile population succumbing to addiction. Neither is there a large-scale black market in narcotics; the government reports with confidence that, "The addict who is also a 'pusher' is seldom encountered in the United Kingdom." Most British addicts are native-born whites, over thirty years of age, and about one-quarter of them are in the medical and allied professions.

UNDERLYING this altogether different, and far happier, narcotics situation in Great Britain is, I believe, the sane approach that the British have to the general question of addiction. To the British, addicts are persons in need of medical attention, and doctors may (if certain broad conditions are satisfied) legally supply the wanted narcotics—under the National Health Service at nominal cost. The Dangerous Drugs Act (Britain's major narcotics law, first passed in 1920) places stringent controls on the import, manufacture, sale, and possession of narcotic drugs. Careful records are required of all drug transactions, subject to periodic inspection, and the Home Office warns doctors that "the continued supply of dangerous drugs to a patient solely for the gratification of addiction" is not considered legitimate. However, the ruling principle (as established by a Ministry of Health committee in 1926) is that narcotics may properly be administered to addicts after prolonged attempt at cure if "the drug cannot be safely discontinued entirely, on account of the severity of the withdrawal symptoms produced" or if the patient, "while capable of leading a useful and relatively normal life when a certain minimum dose is regularly administered, becomes incapable of this when the drug is entirely discontinued." There is no formal registration of addicts, but doctors are requested to inform the Home Office of any addicts coming under their care. While addicts may undergo treatment at some public hospitals and private nursing homes, there is no compulsory treatment in Great Britain, nor do any state institutions specialize in the treatment of addicts.

This entire approach has worked remarkably well. Not only has the estimated number of addicts remained extremely low, it has actually decreased—from 700 in 1935

to 359 in 1957. All the evidence indicates that there are very few addicts other than those receiving their supplies through legal channels. No sizeable underworld drug traffic exists. The addict furnishes no economic incentive for contraband peddling, and needn't become a thief or prostitute to pay for drugs. Apparently, the few addicts who are convicted of crimes usually have committed minor violations in order to get a little more of the drug than the doctor provided. Generally speaking, addiction and underworld life are not closely connected—one reason, perhaps, why few young people in Britain (even among the delinquents) have taken up addiction.

Certainly the British practice is not perfect—an addict occasionally forges a prescription for extra drugs or manages to get drugs from two doctors at once, and some doctors illegally divert drugs to their own use; but these abuses are not widespread. It would seem that by refusing to treat the addict as a criminal, Britain has kept him from becoming one. In short, the British addict is not a social menace.

What is more, not only does the British approach to addiction work—where the American does not—but the former appears to make much greater sense in light of our up-to-date medical and sociological knowledge. Misinformation about the nature of opiate addiction is widespread in the United States.* Many Americans continue to accept what Professor Alfred Lindesmith has labeled the "'dope fiend' mythology." Addicts are pictured as violent and ruthless degenerates—a picture quite at odds with the known effects of opiates, which are, in fact, depressants. Opiate drugs relieve pain, decrease anxiety, relax the muscles, and induce drowsiness and euphoria; and anyone who has observed long-time addicts taking their

* While marijuana is often linked indiscriminately with the opiates, opiate addiction and the habitual use of marijuana have entirely different effects. The opiate addict experiences a severe withdrawal illness if deprived of his drug; he physiologically requires it to avoid that painful syndrome. The marijuana user, on the other hand, ordinarily suffers no extreme reaction to deprivation, and has no such physiological attachment. For this reason, the use of marijuana does not pose really urgent social problems of the sort raised by opiate addiction, even though an intelligent policy regarding opiate addiction probably would reduce the use of marijuana.

shots knows that ordinarily the addict displays relief rather than excitement when he injects the drug. Thus, opiates, since they slow down the system rather than stimulate it, ordinarily do not propel the addict into violent crime. The claim that they promote sex orgies is equally fallacious—opiates in fact inhibit the sexual functions, often to the point of producing impotence in the male. The general deleterious effects of the drug upon the addict himself have also been greatly exaggerated. On the whole, the addict, unless deprived of his drug, probably suffers less organic harm than does the chronic alcoholic.

YET there is little doubt that characteristic behavioral problems do arise from the regular taking of narcotics. Almost always, the addict experiences difficulties in sexual adjustment. Several American studies reveal, for example, a high rate of marital instability among known addicts. Although comparable information is not available regarding British addicts, the data that has been collected suggest that addiction interferes with normal sexual functioning even where the addict is free from persecution. American research also indicates that addiction makes satisfactory occupational adjustment very difficult. As Charles Winick has pointed out, "So akin to sleep is the effect of an opiate that the addict refers to it as being 'on the nod,' 'stoned,' 'out of this world,' 'half awake and half asleep.' His ability to earn a living is also likely to be impaired because he has to spend so much time procuring his drugs that he may literally have no time to work." Almost every study of addicts has found, however, that there are some persons who can and do work effectively while taking opiates. Many doctor-addicts appear able to carry on their work satisfactorily, as have any number of creative artists who were addicted. Furthermore, the addict's ability to function in a job situation is not determined solely by the effects of the drug on him—in Britain the addict is not compelled to spend all his time seeking out drugs, nor is he under the great financial pressure of his American counterpart. But by and large, it seems indisputable that many, perhaps even most, opiate addicts find it difficult to hold down a full-time job with any consistent regularity.

Other aspects of addict behavior are far less predictable, being determined almost entirely by social rather than physiological factors. Thus, the assertions that addicts are basically "criminal types" is unsound. If addicts are basically criminal or if the drugs themselves cause criminal behavior, why do we find in Britain a low rate of addict crime? All available evidence indicates that it is not addiction itself, but the punitive approach to addiction, which produces anti-social behavior in addicts.

An increasing emphasis, in recent years, on the question of causation has served to advance our total understanding of addiction and of the addict. Much of the professional literature on the causes of addiction asserts that drug-taking is a form of (or a result of) mental illness. Psychoanalysts, for instance, stress such factors as oral fixation and unconscious homosexuality, and many psychiatrists attribute addiction to unsatisfactory family relations, feelings of inadequacy, and similar personality matters. In essence, the psychological approach holds that particular individuals are predisposed to addiction; that addiction is primarily a symptom of some underlying psychic disturbance. But this kind of explanation is not entirely satisfactory. As Lindesmith has pointed out, the belief in a predisposition to addiction ignores the fact that probably all "normal" persons who have imagined themselves immune and who have taken opiates steadily for any length of time, have become addicted. Furthermore, even the psychologists have recognized that some addicts are not otherwise abnormal; this category of "normal addicts" would seem to contradict the idea of psychological predisposition. Then too, psychologists have studied the personalities of addicts only after they became addicted, and there is no way of distinguishing between resultant and causative traits. Starting with the assumption that a person must be abnormal to become an addict, it is all too easy to find the addict's personality problems. Lindesmith believes that disapproval of addiction invariably colors the diagnosis:

Addicts are said to become addicted because they have feelings of frustration, lack of self-confidence, and need the drug to bolster themselves up. Lack of self-confidence is taken as a criterion of psychopathy or of weakness. But

another person becomes addicted, it is said, because of "curiosity" and a "willingness to try anything once" and this too is called abnormal. Thus, self-confidence and the lack of self-confidence are both signs of abnormality. The addict is evidently judged in advance. He is damned if he is self-confident and he is damned if he is not.

The belief that addiction reflects some psychological disturbance also ignores socio-cultural variations in the distribution of addiction. How does one explain the fact that in some societies the regular use of narcotics is socially acceptable? Or that in Britain and America there is a disproportionately large number of addicts in the medical profession? Clearly psychological predisposition is not a complete explanation.

Sociologists and social psychologists have related addiction to slum dwelling, family background, minority-group status, and sub-cultural influence. But these approaches, too, fail as universal theories. Lindesmith, in his book *Opiate Addiction*, has perhaps developed the only really comprehensive theory acceptable to sociologists. He was intrigued by the fact that some of the persons receiving prolonged administration of narcotics (e.g., for relief of pain) do not become addicts—even though experiencing the drug's physiological effects, they develop no independent craving for the drug which persists when tolerance and withdrawal distress are no longer experienced. On the basis of intensive interviews with sixty addicts (together with a careful reading of addiction literature), Lindesmith concluded that ultimately addiction must be attributed to the learning process: "The knowledge or ignorance of the meaning of withdrawal distress and the use of opiates thereafter determines whether or not the individual will become addicted." The addicts Lindesmith interviewed had all understood the withdrawal symptoms and then used drugs to avoid them; furthermore, he could find no case in which this process did not result in addiction. This approach does not, it is true, provide a basis for selecting out from the general population those individuals destined to become addicts, but this was not Lindesmith's aim. What his theory does, is describe the general process by which people (whoever they may be) become drug addicts. The doctor's peculiar susceptibility

to addiction, in the light of this explanation, becomes understandable. Knowing that narcotics relieve pain and anxiety, and having easy access to them (and often believing he can take opiates without becoming addicted), the doctor, not surprisingly, may succumb. Once addicted, he realizes he must continue taking the drug. Lindesmith's approach may not be a particularly dramatic one, but it does explain, at least in part, *all* cases of addiction.

Clearly, none of these findings supports the American treatment of the addict: as a public enemy. Whether the addict is in fact sick or not, criminal he is not. Why then is it that Americans continue to treat addicts as they do? The persistence of our blatantly ineffective drug laws suggest that they are crucially bound up with other social values and institutions.

IT HAS already been noted here that the narcotics traffic has developed into a form of big business, and as Robert Merton states, "in strictly economic terms, there is no relevant difference between the provision of licit and illicit goods and services." Specifically, then, the drug peddler serves positive economic functions by providing goods for which there is a very real demand. (Such illicit entrepreneurship seems particularly well adapted to the American ethos. Rum-running during Prohibition was, of course, the classic case; another good example is the continuing provision of illegal abortion facilities.) Max Lerner has argued that the narcotics pusher "represents the principle of creating a market, inherent in the market economy." This particular market is vitally dependent upon current drug policies; if addicts were supplied legally with low-cost drugs, the market would collapse.

In some respects, law enforcement authorities may also have a sort of vested interest in maintaining the status quo. Rufus King has argued that the Narcotics Division of the Treasury Department (the early enforcement arm of the narcotics laws, known since 1930 as the Federal Narcotics Bureau), "succeeded in creating a very large criminal class for itself to police (i.e., the whole doctor-patient-addict-peddler community), instead of the very small one that Congress had intended (the smuggler and the peddler)." How else can one explain the

continuing support of policies which run counter to common sense and the vast bulk of available evidence—policies which cannot help but perpetuate the drug traffic? Why else would Commissioner Anslinger keep on asserting, as he did in a recent article, that the essence of the addiction problem is “hoodlumism,” and that, “In a sense it may be true that every hoodlum is a psychiatric problem, but in a practical sense one must treat the bank robber, the gambler, and the thief as criminals?”

The American treatment of addicts may also be attributed to the addict's serving as a convenient scapegoat—one more enemy in the perpetual battle against crime and immorality of which Americans seem so fond. In his perceptive essay, “Crime as an American Way of Life,” Daniel Bell stressed that, “In no other country have there been such spectacular attempts to curb human appetites and brand them as illicit, and nowhere else such glaring failures. From the start America was at one and the same time a frontier community where ‘everything goes,’ and the fair country of the Blue Laws. . . . In America the enforcement of public morals has been a continuing feature of our history.” Even well-informed persons who have discarded the stereotyped image of the addict as a violent criminal may continue to condemn him, instead, for his passivity, since opiates, because of their slowing-down effects, produce the “un-American” reaction of avoiding encounters with the environment. In the United States, where a gospel of work (of the sort Max Weber described in *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*) may be said to prevail, even part-time idleness is not easily tolerated. Indeed, opiate addiction produces the kind of behavior which, in many respects, is directly opposite to that most highly prized in our society. Erich Fromm has referred to the “marketing orientation”: “Success depends largely on how well a person sells himself on the market, how well he gets his personality across, how nice a ‘package’ he is; whether he is ‘cheerful,’ ‘sound,’ ‘aggressive,’ ‘reliable,’ ‘ambitious.’ . . .” The addict is hardly likely to conform to this model.

An additional support for the official position regarding addicts has been the medical profession's failure to insist on its responsibility for their treatment. Only re-

cently, have there been indications of a change in this attitude. In 1955, a committee of the New York Academy of Medicine, holding that “the most effective way to eradicate drug addiction is to take the profit out of the illicit drug traffic,” proposed a national network of federally controlled clinics at which addicts could receive low-cost drugs. In 1958, a joint committee of the American Medical Association and the American Bar Association called for the establishment of an experimental clinic to see what would happen if a group of addicts received drugs free under medical supervision. This proposal followed a report by the American Medical Association's Council on Mental Health urging that “narcotic addiction should be viewed, much more than it has been in the past, as an illness and that there should be a progressive movement in the direction of treating addiction medically rather than punitively.” The Council approved the idea of eventually “endorsing regulations somewhat similar to those currently in force in England.” The Narcotics Bureau and other law enforcement agencies have vehemently opposed all such proposals, arguing that there really is nothing new or special about the British approach. It is pointed out (with supporting British quotations) that Britain permits no “indiscriminate” prescribing of narcotics; that prescribing for “the mere gratification of addiction” is not allowed; and that narcotic drugs are subject to “strict control.” These statements are true enough, but when used, as here, to suggest that the British practice is no different from our own, they are totally misleading. As already mentioned, in Britain it is the doctor who decides when a person should receive narcotics. Doctors are not imprisoned for treating addicts (as some have been in the United States). The few prosecutions for overprescribing have in fact been unsuccessful—the court upholding the doctor's professional judgment in such matters.

CRITICS sometimes indiscriminately link the British approach and all reform proposals with a “clinic system” which, they point out, was once unsuccessfully attempted in the United States. It is not certain, however, that these clinics—which operated between 1912 and 1925 in over forty American cities and dispensed low-cost

drugs to addicts—were a complete failure. Some accounts would indicate that certain clinics were quite successful, and that the government (with the support of organized medicine) shut them all down largely on the evidence of the least efficient one, that in New York. The 1957 American Medical Association report on addiction states that, "Reasons for closing the clinics are obscure." The AMA's stand in the 1920's undoubtedly was based in part on medical considerations (some doctors still believe that to supply the addict with drugs is to abandon the attempt to "cure"), but at the same time it constituted an easy way out; the treatment of drug addiction is a bothersome and often unrewarding process. If the recent change in medical opinion is followed by pressure for actual changes in policy, there may be substantial hope for a new approach to addiction in the United States.

Just as there are many factors which have inhibited addiction reform, so there is no simple explanation for the great hold narcotic drugs seem to have upon Americans. The apolitical hipster may think to develop a new type of radicalism by deliberately courting psychopathy—drugs, violence, and mystical sexuality are his answer to the bomb, the cult of commodities, and the miseries of the mass society. The intellectual who comes to despair of the value of reason alone may seek through drugs to "transcend the self," to achieve new insights and experience new kinds of intense feeling. The minority-group or disturbed adolescent may attempt to create around the use of drugs a way of life which appears to offer him the prestige and self-esteem he is deprived of by the larger society. The general combination of tension and tedium which plagues many Americans today may lead to narcotics use, just as it may lead to reliance on alcohol, aspirin, or tranquilizers. Whatever the case, short of eradicating all the social conditions breeding addiction we must concentrate on formulating a sane policy toward the addicts.

Although legislative committees and other

official bodies constantly demand "narcotics reform," they almost always take for granted the general desirability of our current policies. It is quite clear that American policies have not worked, primarily because of the vicious supply-and-demand cycle they set in motion. What is needed is an absolute reversal of our current attitudes and laws. The addict will get his drugs, no matter how hard the law enforcers try to stop him, and the only sensible course of action is to try to substitute medical supervision for police persecution. But, one may ask, would something like the British approach work in the United States? There is no way of knowing until we actually put such a policy to the test. It has been argued that supplying addicts with drugs will not reduce criminality; the addict, critics of the British system say, will not be content with the amount he gets legally. While it is true that with increasing tolerance to his drug the addict usually wants more and more of it, the British experience indicates that some addicts can, under favorable circumstances, get along reasonably well on legally prescribed limited doses. Certainly we have everything to gain and nothing to lose by instituting at least an experimental clinic through which to test the British approach.

Some would yet argue that we must condemn addiction, if for no other reason than that it is a "vice." Yet on what grounds can we call drug addiction a vice? Is it as morally reprehensible as the criminality and degradation to which we in this country have driven the addict? Similarly, is it really true (as officials sometimes contend) that the American public would never countenance a non-punitive approach to addiction? Public condemnation of the addict is as much a product of our current policy as it is a cause of that policy. The British people (though equally decent and "right thinking") appear quite capable of accepting intelligent efforts to deal with addiction. Americans may very well be able to do the same, once they are aware of the basic facts about addiction and addiction policies.

CHAIM LENSKY'S ORDEAL

JUDD L. TELLER

THE story of how the manuscript of Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* was smuggled out of the Soviet Union is drab compared to the odyssey of a recently published collection of strange, curious, and perhaps very important verse by Chaim Lensky*—a Soviet Hebrew poet who vanished in a Siberian labor camp in 1942. It took eighteen years for *Across the River Lethe* to reach its destination in Israel, where it was finally issued in 1960. Two earlier collections of Lensky's work—both assembled from manuscripts that had reached periodicals in Israel circuitously and piecemeal over a period of fifteen years—had already been published, but *Across the River Lethe* was prepared in completed manuscript by Lensky himself.

Lensky never sent his manuscripts directly to his editors or to his literary friends in Palestine—Israel. From Leningrad, where he was making his living as a steelworker, he would enclose them—his poems and also communications to editors—in letters to his sister in Tel Aviv. She would then forward them on to the addressees. Later, the station of Siberia was added: from there Lensky dispatched his poems to his wife in Leningrad, and she, disliking all poetry and especially these Hebrew manuscripts which had landed her husband in trouble, nevertheless dutifully passed them on to his sister in Tel Aviv with the same precise in-

structions her husband had formerly given. The poet ran two risks: the lesser one that his manuscripts might be intercepted by the censor and never reach their destination, and the greater risk that once they did appear abroad, they would in time come to the attention of the Soviet secret police, with obvious consequences to himself and perhaps also to his family. He took every precaution to reduce the lesser risk and circumvent the censor. Yet his passion to establish his literary identity in public was so profound that he seems never to have thought of using a pseudonym.

If he was only half-aware of the dangers involved before his arrest in 1934, he could have no doubt of them afterward. The edifice of charges against him was based on the simple fact that he was a self-professed Hebrew writer. The mere possession of Hebrew manuscripts, books, and newspapers even today serves to establish a prima facie case of affiliation to a "Zionist conspiracy." How Lensky ever endured as a poet under the circumstances of labor servitude, and produced and passed on Hebrew manuscripts under the watchful eyes of his wardens and surrounded by informers among his fellow inmates (an inevitable corollary of these circumstances), we shall never know. But we may some day learn more of the high courage of his friends in Leningrad or Moscow to whom he had in 1940 entrusted the manuscript of *Across the River Lethe*, having used a brief respite between internments to assemble and revise his scattered poems. It could not have been easy for them to keep faith with Lensky in the years 1948-53 when cherished collections of

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* *Me'ever N'har Halaytay* (*Across the River Lethe*), Am Oved Publishers (Tel Aviv).

private Judaica were burned by bibliophiles for fear that their lifetime hobby might become incriminating evidence against them of anti-state activity.

WHAT kind of poetry does a man write under such conditions? Lensky's was not the verse of martyrdom or protest. His occasional self-deprecatory and self-pitying exclamations are the style of Russian lyricism. But there is a constant awareness of his actual surroundings: traces of prison argot; a casual detail that exposes the condition of labor servitude in which he lives. He is rudely aroused from his sleep—he had pulled his blanket over his head, in violation of a rigid prison rule; he never quite empties his cup of coffee, there is so little time before muster for the day's work. Prison labor was his only environment, and the place-names attached to some of his poems trace a map of his Siberian travail, from camp to camp, including the harshest of them all, Gornaya Shoraya, on the Mongolian-Soviet frontier.

Yet what makes Lensky's verse seem strange, and even curious, at first reading, is that it is not obsessed by the circumstance of his imprisonment. He treats that circumstance as the ordinary décor of his life, except that his sharpened sensibilities transcend the drab and oppressive, and absorb every glint, sound, and scent of the Siberian landscape. One thinks of Thoreau in reading Lensky's celebrations of nature, though Lensky celebrates not only nature, but man himself. He is not given to striking metaphors—but occasionally his thought takes on a transcendental flavor. Thus, he has been felling trees in the Siberian forest, and notes that the snow dust rising from their crowns as they stagger to the ground is "like a curtain dropping on a Shakespearean tragedy." The trees were being felled to lay railway tracks through what had been virgin forests.

Often his images are rooted in Jewish ritual and require the same kind of deciphering for the uninformed as the complicated folklore allusions of the poetry of Yeats or Dylan Thomas. Nor, in these poems, does he treat the Communist oppression which had victimized him as an apocalypse. He sees it, rather, as a Jew, in historic procession, in the Byzantine tradition, but without

any suggestion of esoteric mysticism. Unlike Pasternak, who in Moscow was making his agonized escape toward Russian orthodox ritualism, Lensky retained a simple faith in the seasons of history and the survival and triumph of man, with a compensatory irony constantly overlaying his profound compassion for the human condition.

Only in his nostalgic poetry of the *shtetl*, in which he recalls that unique way of life in its penultimate phase, is his usual irony lacking—the *shtetl* poems of Lensky are all compassion, almost Hasidic in this respect, and reminiscent of Yessenin's warm verses about the Russian peasant.

We know that Lensky was a voracious reader of German poetry, from Goethe through Rilke, and of Russian poetry from its 19th-century beginnings to Mayakovsky; his astounding memory stored away all he read. Yet his own verse technique is simple, showing little of these influences. Lensky seized on everything that came to him from Palestine, but could not of course keep up with the dynamic development of the language that was taking place there. Thrown back on himself, he created a vocabulary that went beyond Bialik, whom he admired, and which expressed his unique condition, that of a Hebrew poet, in penal servitude, where Hebrew could neither be read nor heard. The results of his solitary efforts paralleled, intuitively, the evolution of Hebrew in Palestine. His is probably the richest working vocabulary of any contemporary Hebrew poet, with not an obsolete word in it. But because he had to mine his vocabulary, he kept his verse techniques conservative. He uses a simple four-line stanza and, occasionally, the sonnet form. His extraordinary statement might have been less lucid, had he not restricted himself to a technical simplicity. The poetry of Chaim Lensky thus becomes for us an important human triumph, one gauge of a man's power to endure and celebrate life in the most constricting circumstance.

Lensky was not the only Hebrew writer to persevere under Soviet oppression. Hebrew literature is produced even today clandestinely in the Soviet Union. Several other manuscripts, although none of Lensky's literary distinction, have already been published in Israel. Others are in safekeeping there, including a collection of short stories

which are, in my opinion, of a very high order, surpassing even Babel and dealing with the same period. The reason they cannot be published, even pseudonymously, is that they contain material that would inevitably betray their authorship.

Across the River Lethe receives an added importance from its preface and postscripts, which include a concise evaluation of Lensky's poetry and certain essential data by the book's distinguished editor, Shlomo Grodzensky, an Israeli literary critic and publicist. Grodzensky was among the first to focus critical attention on Lensky. The preface by A. Kareev, who was associated with Lensky in Leningrad and is now an active critic and editor in Israel, includes some valuable reminiscence of the poet. Y. Saaroni, also a Leningrad friend, recalls the Leningrad circle of Hebrew writers who, at odds on almost everything, were united in their passion for Hebrew. They met in secret to read each others' work and converse in the language, and they finally drew police suspicion to their intimate gatherings. They were a strange conglomeration: Shin Russi, an incorrigible Stalinist; Albert the Georgian, a student of Hindu mysticism; Lensky, a self-professed anarchist, politically passive, concerned with nothing but Hebrew linguistics; a Gentile, who became an expert in Hebrew; and Shimon Boneh, the eccentric who was seized and sentenced for founding, among the intellectual elite in the Komsomol, a school of "New Leninism" which proposed to substitute the dictatorship of the peasantry for the dictatorship of the proletariat.

At this time, Lensky shared a room with a friend in one of Leningrad's outlying slums. He had noticed secret agents tailing them, and on a frosty winter night he invited one of them to join him for some tea—which the embarrassed agent rejected. Then, one midnight, there was the knock

at the door. They had come to arrest—Lensky's friend. The poet was disappointed; he had already steelled himself, but his turn had not yet come.

A one-time prison comrade of Lensky's in Siberia tells of his meeting with the poet in Marinsk. Lensky was regarded with something like reverence by the intelligentsia and politicals for his vast knowledge of Russian and German poetry. It was he who, in the absence of reference books, settled disputes involving literary matters. Lensky's former fellow-prisoner now lives in Israel, and there is strong reason to believe that his pseudonym conceals a one-time Comintern agent, chief of the Communist apparatus in Palestine, and later in Spain. Last year, after years of Siberian exile, he returned to Israel, penitent—and religious.

Alexander Zarchin, the inventor of a desalination process (which might, if successful as predicted, miraculously and cheaply reclaim the Negev), knew Lensky during his brief respite in Moscow in 1940 between imprisonments. He believes that Lensky and he were the victims of an entrapment. They had been invited to have their snapshot taken with two other Hebrew-speaking friends; this snapshot was later placed before Zarchin as evidence that he had belonged to a "conspiratorial cell."

Across the River Lethe ought to be translated, I think, into many languages—with still another introduction, by Ignazio Silone. There is an affinity between Silone and Lensky—their faith in the eventual triumph of man over evil. And the Italian humanist, whose priest in *A Handful of Blackberries* is reluctant to baptize a Jewish child entrusted to his keeping because he cannot further deplete a people decimated in the millions, would understand perhaps better than most Lensky's seemingly eccentric martyrdom for Hebrew, which he called "my southern tongue."

LETTERS FROM READERS

Ethics & Eichmann

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As one of the charter members of the Commentary Publication Committee, I have until now adhered strictly to the tradition that the lay Board should be reluctant, at least in public, to comment on the contents of the magazine. I must admit, however, that when the Editor himself comments in a weighted way in "The Issue," he invites members of his Board to express their disagreement.

In my opinion, Oscar Handlin's statement in the August issue on the Eichmann case is perfectly clear and required no editorial comment or elucidation. What Israel has done is not right, as her repeated apologies to Argentina and her recent official statement on the subject have confessed. A trial in Israel, as Milton Himmelfarb points out in the same issue, cannot be in accordance with the old maxim that "justice must not only be done, it must manifestly be seen to be done."

The Editor feels that in spite of these strong objections to Israel's actions in the Eichmann case, there is some greater human good, unfortunately only defined emotionally, that is to be served by the clearly unlawful abduction and the doubtfully legal trial. Jacob Robinson and the Editor to the contrary notwithstanding, arguments based on concepts like "historic justice" and the virtues of emotional release are relevant to the battlefield and to trials by combat, not to the courtroom.

Naturally, no one would be very concerned about the matter, in view of Eichmann's heinous crimes, if one could be sure that everyone would always regard Eichmann and the Nazis as unique in the history of mankind, and thus warranting a single exception to all accepted conceptions of proper legal and international procedures. Unfortunately, however, nothing in human affairs remains unique, even though it so appears to those who have experienced the

particular situation. As the Editor himself states with regret, there is already a tendency among too many people in Israel to equate Arab hostility with Nazism, and elsewhere I have heard that descriptive epithet applied to various current anti-Jewish manifestations. Are not even the Editor and Milton Himmelfarb themselves perhaps guilty of expanding the exception to include crackpots such as Rockwell? Exceptions do have a way of eating up the rule—both in morals and in law.

Therefore, I take my stand with Oscar Handlin. No Jew can help but sympathize with the emotions sweeping the Israeli survivors of the Nazi hell, who see the trial as an opportunity to display to a forgetful world the evidence of their survival and of the defeat of their mortal enemies. But, as Sidney Hook warns, also in the August issue, the sacrifice of what is right, to an assumed, theoretical good—justifying the means by the end—has led in one nation of our modern world to the transformation of a whole generation of idealists into hangmen.

I have been asked to state that a number of other persons, similarly interested in and devoted to COMMENTARY, share the views I have tried to express in this letter. Indeed, several were in the process of preparing their own statements but felt that this letter would suffice.

ALAN M. STROOCK

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is incomprehensible to me that a man of the sensibility of Professor Handlin could question "the cleanliness of hands of those who presume to sit as judges." . . . Let him and everybody else know that for the sake of justice the world cannot be permitted to close its eyes and shut its ears, but has to learn how and why millions of people were led to slaughter, and what were the motivations and drives of those responsible and in charge. The revelation of these facts and

their commitment to the consciousness of the world contain the essence of the justice to be done to those who have gone. It also assures the protection of those who are left or yet to come in enabling the prevention of a repetition of such crimes. . . .

EGON R. LOEBNER

Princeton, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The exchange between Professor Handlin and Dr. Jacob Robinson appeared on the heels of a decision from Buenos Aires wherein a federal judge held that the Argentine statute of limitations barred prosecution of a Nazi war criminal after fifteen years. He ruled that inasmuch as it is "obvious" that the defendant "could not be judged under Argentine law because he has acquired immunity through the passage of time, this country cannot allow him to stand trial in another country."

For Eichmann, at least, justice delayed may not be justice denied.

IRVING B. ZEICHNER

Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In reference to the final paragraph of the editorial in the July issue of COMMENTARY, I believe the most stringent demands we Jews feel are those we put upon and accept ourselves. Our stiffnecked concept of ethics and our singular belief that the morality of a religion lies in man's relation to his fellow man makes us vulnerable to a conscience that is concerned with more than "the simple right to exist and therefore to be 'merely' human, and 'like the nations.'"

ELLEN STONE

Stinson Beach, Calif.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In Mr. Podhoretz' discussion of the issues relating to the Eichmann case and Dr. Robinson's article, he refers to "regular extradition procedures." To avoid a possible misunderstanding of this reference, may I remark that it is doubtful if any "regular extradition procedures" exist which could be of relevance to the case—assuming, indeed, that the procedure of extradition of fugitive criminals is appropriate to the case of war criminals. Article 22 of the Extradition Treaty between Israel and the Ar-

gentine, signed in Buenos Aires on 9 May 1960, provides that the Treaty will come into force on the exchange of the instruments of ratification. Until those instruments are exchanged, the Treaty has no validity as a legal instrument and cannot provide the basis for extradition.

MICHAEL ELIZUR

Counsellor

Israel Delegation to the UN
New York, N. Y.

Jewish Day Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The first half of Milton Himmelfarb's article "Reflections on the Jewish Day School" [July] invoked no negative response in me; the second half did. [By this] I do not mean to imply that any part of his article was erroneous or misleading—everything he says is true; and I write only from my viewpoint and not for the entire movement. I should like to answer some of the points raised by Mr. Himmelfarb.

The Day Schools would like to continue beyond the grammar school level, but where are the facilities and the money? For an enrollment of approximately a hundred children, our local operation budget is in excess of \$50,000 and this without capital investment or expenditures. Tuition covers less than 40 per cent of operating costs.

As for the general education aspects of the Day Schools, statistics will show that Day School children receive a better secular education than their public school counterparts. Achievement tests by our local public school psychologist administered this year indicate that our children rate from one to three years above their normal public school level.

We are mindful of the fact that the Day Schools offer only a grammar school education in Judaism and Jewish culture, and one of our basic problems is to continue the child's education once he graduates from the Day School. (Does anyone have any suggestions?) Not all problems are solvable—isn't it better for the children to receive at least a Day School education than the other forms of Jewish education now available?

Any type of Jewish education that teaches positive values and action will be labeled Orthodox. That most children are not from

Orthodox homes (when judged by Orthodox standards), that the officers and directors are not Orthodox Jews, and that the secular teachers are non-Jews, seems to make no difference in tagging the Day Schools as Orthodox institutions. I had one man tell me that since the children said a blessing before and after lunch, the school was Orthodox! This type of thinking and reasoning can be repeated a thousandfold. Certainly, the Day Schools are not producing Orthodox Jews and if they were, would that be a catastrophe?

Of course, there isn't enough time to teach everything. The incidentals of the public schools must be eliminated. (One set of our parents took their children out and sent them to public school . . . [because] dancing is not part of our curriculum.) Work is gradually being done to coordinate the curricula and programming of the schools. I have never heard of an instance when a former Day School student had any difficulty on transferring to a public school—either social or scholastic.

Naturally there is some minimal conflict between totally non-observant homes and the Day School. Intelligent parents channel the conflict along constructive lines. But must our Jewish parents *create* the conflict? . . . For instance, when the child's home is not kosher, must the mother *insist* that the child . . . eat bacon, ham, and pork at home?

Mr. Himmelfarb . . . apparently cannot appreciate the growing pains and problems: [problems such as] scholarship, unpaid tuition, payrolls, accounts payable, staff, fund raising, facilities, transportation, P.T.A., spoiled and narrow-minded parents, curriculum, training aids, banquets, recitals, etc., etc. That the Day Schools are springing up all over the country and surviving is living testimony to their general acceptance. If not the Day School movement, what are the alternatives to Jewish survival in America?

WILLIAM MAZEL
President

Hebrew Academy of Tidewater
Norfolk, Virginia

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb's article . . . contributes to the great need . . . to be aware of the growth and development of the Jewish Day School as an educational institution. . . .

[However], it is dismaying to read a generalization such as "The vice of the Day School is that it ignores Western culture." There is no "Day School," but there exist "Day Schools" which are extremely varied in their emphasis and general point of view. What is the statistical basis for the charge that they ignore "Western culture?" Is Mr. Himmelfarb aware of any comparison studies which indicate the deficiency of the Day School student in terms of his and the public or private school student's awareness of the facts of Western Culture? . . .

I commend the article for bringing to our attention the fact that Jewish federations have thus far failed to support Day Schools. . . . [But] why does Mr. Himmelfarb expect an eighth grader in a Day School to have anything other than an eighth grade conception of a subject? . . . Is he suggesting that the Day School program succeeds best when this plane of studies is pursued on the high school and college level? . . .

(RABBI) MURRAY GRAUER
White Plains, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I would like to congratulate Mr. Himmelfarb on his handling of the subject of the Jewish Day School. I agree with him in most of his conclusions. . . .

We have eight grandchildren all attending school at the present time, six in this country and two in England. Of the six here, three attend the regular public school, and two the Hebrew Day School; the eldest, now in the Yeshiva, is a graduate of the Day School. In "basic" ability, the children are all about equal. . . . The Hebrew Day School pupils in our family are fine children, but they are very narrow in their reactions—their feeling toward the *goyim* is still ghetto-like. True, their knowledge of Hebrew is ahead of the children that go to the public schools, but they are very much in the category Mr. Himmelfarb mentions of those who think themselves "Hebraists." . . .

Our grandson who is at the English Public School (which in this country, I believe, is the equivalent of the private schools) did not have the amount of Hebrew instruction that the Hebrew Day School pupils here had. But he continued his Hebrew studies voluntarily, after his Bar Mitzvah, at the

school he attends. There, during the hour set aside for Religious Instruction, the Jewish pupils of all grades have a joint session: it is voluntary on the part of the pupils as to whether they will attend or use the hour for general study, reading, etc. At first our grandson thought he would do some secular work during that period, but he soon changed his mind, and now he continues his religious training, getting a great deal of intellectual stimulus from the fact that both the older and younger boys meet on equal ground for an hour of religious instruction. So much for the system in England.

But by far the best-adjusted socially and as a citizen is our granddaughter who goes to the public school here, and to the Orthodox Sunday school [which gives her] her religious affiliations. True, the Jewish Day School grandchildren have it all over her in their knowledge of Hebrew, but not in their knowledge of the Bible; and as for what I call the "dish religion" part of her training, I believe that to get a well-rounded outlook on religion one must have it in the home. . . .

I must repeat that I agree with Mr. Himmelfarb a hundred per cent in his conclusion that the fault in the Jewish Day Schools is that they do not teach "the way of the earth."

JESSIE S. BLOOM

Seattle, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Does Western culture owe so much to Christianity as to pose an insurmountable problem for Hebrew Day School educators? Milton Himmelfarb would have us believe so. In his encompassing essay on these schools he scores them for not facing up to that which is inherent in our culture, in our architecture, music, and literature.

Some obvious examples and manifestations seem to bear him out. The Gothic cathedrals of France and Germany, for instance, and the Gregorian chant. But Sir Christopher Wren, who adopted earlier Roman forms, Louis H. Sullivan and his innovations in the field of industrial architecture, and Frank Lloyd Wright in his manifold individualistic style, owed little, if anything, to the Church, just as the ancient Greeks and Romans owed naught. And there are those who argue that the cadences, soaring

and muted, of the Hebrew cantillation for the prophetic portions are more soulful, richer in body, and range wider than the limited plain-song. Indeed, many authorities trace the origin of the latter to the songs of Solomon's Temple. Our Sephardic brethren therefore have a legitimate right to their plain-song chanting, and we also have a right to regard much of music as originating outside the province of religious Christendom. . . .

The same points can be made, and probably more forcefully, for literature and philosophy, and suggest that Western culture can, in fact, be presented in our Hebrew Day Schools without doing violence either to facts or to faith. In some respects, it is probably better presented there than in other schools. A case in point is the widely used textbook in elementary social studies, *Your World and Mine* (published by Ginn & Co.). Any Jewish or Gentile public school child using this book can only gather the impression that Jesus bequeathed to the world two teachings uniquely his own, two key teachings of the New Testament: to love God, and to love one's fellow man. A day school child knows where these teachings come from, for he has seen the original texts in Deuteronomy 6:5 and Leviticus 19:18. . . .

It is not the exposure of Jewish children to Western culture which is disquieting to Day School educators, but rather the problem of over-exposure in public schools to Christian culture which is not necessarily identical with Western culture. Why should, for example, social studies textbooks be written from a Christian point of view? . . .

As we look about us and see young Jewish men and women, products of our public schools, visiting with their Gentile friends at a Christmas candlelight service or Mass (for that, they explain, is "part of our cultural way of life"), but not appreciating the exalted "Ne'ilah" service of a Yom Kippur or even the "Geshem" service of a Shemini Atzaret, one feels that there is a distortion somewhere; a distortion perpetrated by texts and abetted by teachers. In contrast one can see other young men and women, graduates of the Day Schools, taking their places successfully in the general community and withal knowing how to open a prayer book or Pentateuch, remaining in communion

with the best of the past and injecting new vigor, purpose, and hope into our lifestream.

Every responsible educator will agree with Mr. Himmelfarb that Day School education is incomplete when it stops at the end of the elementary period. Much of our energy is being directed toward building a network of secondary schools of which a number already exist. But for fear of not completing the good work, should it not be undertaken?

The Day Schools are constantly growing and progressing. In the process, Western history and culture are not being sacrificed, and an American education is being provided as well. It is true that we do not glorify the Middle Ages. But then we are not dealing with the education of a Henry Adams, but with that of Jewish children.

(Rabbi) ISRAEL D. LERNER
Headmaster

North Shore Hebrew Academy
Great Neck, L. I.

Impressionistic Writing

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Hans J. Morgenthau's "Our Thwarted Republic" [June] presents a good example of the strength and weakness of impressionistic writing. . . .

Little of what Morgenthau says is new. Perhaps the forcefulness he uses to express his views can be regarded as unique. The virtue of this kind of writing is that it raises questions about reality which might be susceptible to intensive and conclusive confirmation through research. The weakness, apart from an overly dogmatic style, is that Morgenthau presents to the reader conclusions which at best should only be regarded as personal impressions. Do groups in fact behave as he says they do? Is the Presidency as weak an organ for control of the executive departments as the Eisenhower years have led us to believe? Is revolution in mid-century no longer possible? Morgenthau says that everything he asserts can be empirically tested. Yet he has not done this for us and I seriously question whether, as presented by him, we approach a deeper understanding of the problems of big democracy.

LEONARD OPPERMAN
South Bend, Indiana

The Sit-Ins

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Ted Dienstfrey is quite right about the movement of Southern Negro students to gain equal rights ["A Conference on the Sit-ins," June]. This is a movement to win immediate, concrete objectives, without any philosophy behind it. If the movement had come from the great mass of Negroes in the rural South, it might have been otherwise, but it is the middle class Negro who is demanding his rights. . . . Nor do these Negro students get any help in constructing a philosophy from the American intellectual. That is perhaps the basic reason why they have no large ideas. If Mr. Dienstfrey wants to aid the Negro students, he should forget about writing to the University of Chicago asking it to desegregate its real estate and begin thinking about a society in which the university has nothing to do with real estate.

ELIZABETH TORNQUIST
Belhaven, N. C.

Middle-Class Judaism

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lucy S. Dawidowicz's article "Middle-Class Judaism: A Case Study" [June] was very informative, interesting, and readable. It's a pity that her descriptions are so true to Jewish life.

I would like to bring up to date, however, the reference to Henry Cohen's Jewish population study in New York City. Last year, I directed a study of the Jewish population for the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies which gives the following figures, in contrast to those quoted (which are somewhat dated): the estimated Jewish population of Queens for 1958 was 423,000, or 20 per cent of the total estimated Jewish population of the five boroughs of New York; for 1975, we projected a Queens Jewish population of 528,000, or 24.7 per cent of the New York City Jewish population. At this date, one Jew out of four living in the five boroughs of New York City will be living in Queens.

C. MORRIS HOROWITZ
Department of Economics
Brooklyn College
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I confess to being puzzled . . . after reading the article on "Middle Class Judaism" by Lucy Dawidowicz. What is the point of enumerating and classifying the different kinds of Jewish congregations? It cannot, as I see it, yield any kind of significant information. Statistics can be a snare. . . . And so I would try and persuade you to follow a different line of approach. Suppose Miss Dawidowicz could be persuaded to enquire whether among all the myriad adherents in your country—no matter what kind of service they do or do not attend—there might not be found one of the famous Thirty-Six, one of those Shining Saints of whom the world, now as never before, stands in such desperate need. . . . To borrow a phrase from another of your contributors, the crux of the "Jewish Problem" today is the neglect of the Inner Life. . . .

(Rabbi) H. GOITEIN

Worcestershire, England

Socialist Ideals

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Oscar Gass's article on "Socialism and Democracy" [June] strikes me . . . as hardly the "substantial contribution to the analysis of contemporary politics" which he is seeking.

Mr. Gass says that socialism is not distinguished by any moral ideal, this primarily because he is intent on defining it in terms of ownership of the means of production and distribution. However, when he then finds a distinguishing moral ideal—G. D. H. Cole's third criterion or socialism, the ideal of the elimination of politics—he calls it an "unfortunate . . . illusion" unacceptable to any "reasonable person."

Indeed, I must be most unreasonable, but I continue to believe that the *ideal* of replacing coercion by cooperation, political relationships by personal relationships, passive delegated representation by active and total democracy—this is what gives socialism its meaning. That Mr. Gass himself does not accept this ideal shows to a degree how distinguishing it is. That so-called liberals and conservatives alike accept the dominance of politicized relations as an inevitable feature of human life distinguishes them from socialists even more than their views

on public enterprise and private. It is what makes them "realists" (or "reasonable persons"), while socialists remain "utopian." I wonder if Mr. Gass would find Martin Buber reasonable? Or Paul Goodman? . . .

EUGENE S. MORNELL

Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I enjoyed Oscar Gass's articles in the June and July issues immensely. He is a very sound, sober analyst and, to top it off, an excellent writer. . . .

MAX BLOCK

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Ethnic Voting

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY,

I trust I will not be the only reader to point out that while Joseph Kraft ["The Decline of the New York Democrats," July] quoted a district leader as saying his predominantly Jewish district would not support an Irish insurgent over a Jewish incumbent, when the district actually voted, it gave the Irishman, William Ryan, an overwhelming majority over the Jew, Ludwig Teller....

This is just one of a rapidly growing number of incidents showing that ethnic background is far more important to the New York politician than to the New York voter. Mr. Kraft's thesis about ethnic status just has no basis in reality. . . .

MARSHALL C. BERGER

New York City

MR. KRAFT writes:

My "thesis" was, and is, that the New York Democrats have declined in national importance because of a shortage of inspiring, young candidates. One reason for that shortage, it seems to me, is the tendency among Democratic leaders to choose candidates on the basis of ethnic qualifications. I do not believe Mr. Berger quarrels on that score. As to bloc voting, a different matter, it is true that Mr. Ryan won the primary this year in a largely Jewish district. But, to cite no other examples, the victory of Mr. Leavitt in 1958, while bucking a Republican tide, and of Mr. Javits in 1954, while bucking a Democratic tide, suggest to me that the bloc voting instinct remains strong—even among enlightened groups.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

A Sleep of Teachers*

BENJAMIN DE MOTT

CLEVER folk scorn it as a cliché and vulgar men read it with dollar-conscious leers, but the plain truth remains that the present situation of the young university teacher is probably more exciting than that of any of his counterparts since the mid-17th century.

The reasons for this are obvious. Behind the modern professor lies an enormously significant intellectual revolution, in front of him sit rows of students largely unaware of the implications of the revolution, and the question how to effect a vital engagement of the two forces is no longer unanswerable. What is the answer? Like everything in teaching, it takes the form of an obligation, a duty. When students bring him snippets of random sexology in (unconscious slander of) Freud's name, the teacher must confront them with a whole new vision of the nature of the mind. When they appear in his classroom dressed in caps and cloaks of 17th-century psycho-dualism on which are appliquéd, like tinsel stars, such nonce phrases as "relativity theory," "indeterminacy principle," "existential gap," he must seek to turn them out (by drawing on whatever of the new psychology, physiology, and physics can be quickly taught) with an intuition of the "world" as a process, an uncertain act of continual human creation. When they offer him gabble about conformity and the organization man, he must show them (by furnishing relevant anthropology and sociology) that the old icon, the individual, is only another image in the civilizing but risky dream of the West. When they brandish exegetical notes taken during prep school sessions on *The Waste Land*, he must press them toward the perception that a revolution has taken place in all the arts—a revolution made inevitable by the imagination's

effort to master orders and systems of reality which, unlike those of the past, are in no part the invention of artists. When fake issues, idle arguments of adolescent "Democrats" and "Republicans," or boyish current-events talk about Red China hating Red Russia, threaten to fog the glass, he must aim at the revelation of the mass state as the chief political and social phenomenon of the age, East and West. And at every moment he must insist on the necessity of bringing alive in reflection whole continents and civilizations that hitherto have barely existed in the Western mind. His duty, in short, is to teach new heavens and a new earth, to show his students into the world of Now, to drive himself toward that full consciousness of the times which is the only armor left against mere irony or mere wanness.

For the reader inclined to bear all this in mind, a volume called *The New Professors* that is composed of essays by professors about professors inevitably raises high and definite expectations. Books that tell the teacher's story from "outside" are limited to gossip about "gains" in dignity, salary, or worldliness, and can do little to define the vibrant qualities of the contemporary teacher's inward experience. But a work in which professors speak both for and about themselves seems likely to avoid such irrelevance, and to focus directly on matters of serious moment: the newness of the professor's thinking, his sense of the difference between what he was taught and what he teaches, the attitudes with which, as a thoroughly educated man, he now enters the old museum of the college catalogue wherein every label, hierarchy, and division strikes the eye at once as nearly absurd. Likelihoods, though, are not guarantees, as the book at hand compellingly demonstrates. The editor of *The New Professors* set out "to give an inside view of the university as a way of

* A review of *The New Professors*, edited by ROBERT O. BOWEN (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 218 pp., \$3.50).

life" by asking certain teachers to tell why they are in the university and what they are doing there. He was concerned to know "how professors see themselves, what they find important in their work. . . ." But if the range of his own curiosity extended beyond details of personal history, that of his contributors in most cases did not.

Yet it does not follow from this that the editor's labors were wasted. The essays here collected will undoubtedly depress any reader who allows himself to be persuaded that their authors adequately represent the state of the able professorial mind in 1960. But they do possess uncommon, if negative, value. What they provide, to name it abruptly, is a series of fresh definitions of the elements of American life that are currently deflecting well-trained academics from their proper occupation as interpreters of the new world of the mind just mentioned. And because these definitions are unconsciously framed, they are far more revealing than any deliberate critique of American academic culture—whether a novel or treatise—can hope to be.

Some will say, of course, that obstacles to fresh thought and vivid intellectual experience are everywhere and always the same, and that their nature is already over-familiar. Fatuity is fatuity: how can its representation in a new book be spoken of as a revelation? (One essayist in *The New Professors* quotes with approval his colleague's *chic* remark that "Teaching is like bridge. Every hand, every student is different. But teaching is better. Your wife can't play.") There are, however, other obstacles to thought and, to repeat, the evidence offered here about the ways in which some of them work to gravel the American academic racer is not less than illuminating. Consider for example: provincialism. The first essay in the present collection is written by a young historian (Dartmouth B.A., Harvard Ph.D.) who teaches undergraduates at Lafayette College. As a post-revolution specialist in history asked to speak about his work, this writer might have been expected to discourse about his effort to establish some significant relation between his subject and the new social sciences, or about his concern with the need for admitting a glimmer of the East into the old undergraduate surveys of Western civilization. The man in ques-

tion, however, has nothing to say about these matters. His piece is simply an *Alumni News* paean to Lafayette College (to judge from his account the place is an attractive, comfortable but quite ordinary "liberal arts college"), and testifies only to the ease with which intellection gives way to old-grad bathos. The problem, What does the new professor teach? receives barely a word, while the institution is lauded in beamish sentences like the following:

Surely teaching in a college such as Lafayette—where one has a chance to be in immediate contact with a wide range of students from different parts of the country, a chance to pursue one's own research under the encouragement of rather than at the insistence of the college, and a chance to experiment with one's courses in an atmosphere of complete academic freedom—is a privilege.

Lesser loyalties are not to be despised, and the setting of an institution is never inconsequential, but the tendency to allow enthusiasm for these items to displace intellectual activity seems at best a sign of preoccupation with trivialities.

The latter preoccupation is by no means unique to the man from Lafayette. A West Coast psychologist begins by justifying his unwillingness to set forth "conclusions" on the ground that his task is "to indicate my trust and support, and encouragement of [the student] and his capacity as an ethical, thinking person in his own right, to reach whatever conclusions are meaningful to him in the light of his data and experience. . . ." And at once he launches forth on (apparently) conventional encomiums:

We, at San Francisco State, in response to the needs and demands from the larger community around us and the students we attract, have been carefully building a set of curriculums . . . in tune with our contemporary world.

BUT it should not be thought that provincialism or its handmaid, self-praise, is the only obstacle to thought dramatized in *The New Professors*. The psychologist just quoted is perhaps less obviously a victim of provincialism than of jargon, and its handmaid, pomposity ("I find that many of the problems confronting the college professor demand an orientation of problem-solving such as is required of any progressive organization person, with the added advantage of

being able to use the problem situation as a learning laboratory for the student"). And elsewhere other deflecting agents appear. A physicist who spends pages abusing deans and complaining about his salary shows himself to be at least partially paralyzed by the rage of the "underprivileged." A sociologist, who agitates himself over the problem whether to call himself a humanist or a naturalist, indulges in that too easy and too cynical withdrawal from commitment which passes for academic modesty, and is itself a badge of limp thought ("... as a sociologist . . . I am simply bent on understanding the make-up of men and groups of men, and I have a long way to go . . . before I will call a halt and start militantly applying what I *think* I have learned"). Similar professions of finicky withdrawal and personal insignificance are made by a Roman Catholic chemist who asserts that his decision to become a teacher was determined by his desire to "accept God's will," and then compares himself to a cook:

As a teacher I can only present the food to be consumed, in an appetizing manner. If I am successful, the student will consume and, I hope, digest the meal. But it would be a mistake to offer the dessert before the soup. There is an order to these things.

A professor of English comes to the verge of defining the meaning of the intellectual revolution for the teaching of writing; he relates the activity of writing to the "sorting and focusing powers" of a whole man, and seems about to assert that his obligation as a teacher is to disclose to his students the full bearings of the act of composition, the making of order—but at the crisis of his piece he shrugs and descends into administrative self-righteousness ("one of my first concerns was to remind my colleagues that Freshman English was a departmental responsibility, and not a stepchild"). An Exeter Academy classicist barely glances at his subject before losing himself in snobish, defensive status-mumbling ("It is difficult to assess accurately the relative general prestige of the prep-school and the college teacher. In the final analysis, it depends largely upon the prestige of the institution"). And his essay closes the book off in a shower of dandaical clichés:

It is, of course, entirely in the Classical Tradi-

tion for the classicist to associate himself with an Academy. . . . Cicero says of the Old Academy: 'Their writings and methods contain all liberal learning, all history, all polite discourse; and besides they embrace such a variety that no one can undertake any noble career without their aid. . . .' However imperfectly they and we achieve such noble aims, the game is eminently worth the candle. *Vivat Academia!*

There are, as should be said, two strong voices in the collection. Mr. Robert Katz, the physicist who maintains that the deans are killing him, speaks with powerful self-irony which sets his essay apart from the drowsy complacency and self-satisfaction of most of the other pieces. And Otto Butz, the Princeton maverick who edited *The Silent Generation*, also emerges as a man of force and feeling. But oddly the essays of both men add further items to the catalogue of obstacles here compiled. In the case of Mr. Katz, self-irony functions (as it often does) reductively; instead of encouraging the teacher to complicate his serious reflection, it obliges him to describe at length a dice game of his invention "in which the players . . . advance toward a goal called 'Dean.'" In the case of Mr. Butz, anxiety about the vagueness of university aims ("American higher learning is today suffering . . . deep and demoralizing uncertainty as to what it is really doing and how it really fits into contemporary culture as a whole") forces the writer to adopt postures and tones of the educational statesman which obscure the possibilities for the individual achievement of clarity on which the abstract "future of higher learning" totally depends.

Provincialism then—and jargon, self-pity, status-anxiety, paralyzing self-irony, "educational statesmanship," the empty-open mind: all told, a killing lineup, a striking negative vision. In the face of it can anyone envisage the possibility of a positive vision? The truth is, of course, that every teacher truly alive can and does envisage one, and that the failure of such a vision to appear here may be no more than a consequence of the extreme difficulty of describing from "inside" what happens in the classroom: the vital center of the teacher's life. But the latter assurance is not offered in discount of the truth bodied forth by this collection of essays, namely that the professor, though

born into a world of the mind more exciting than any known for ages, can have the edge taken off his excitement, can lose his way (like anyone else), grow weary, fall into the sweet dreamless sleep of men who believe that to be selfless is to be just. As a work that takes its reader to the tideless center of this slumber and, unknowingly, names the drugs that induce it, *The New Professors* is a warning worth the notice even of those who are, and mean to remain, fully awake.

Tales of Hate and Love

EVIDENCE OF LOVE. By DAN JACOBSON. Atlantic Little, Brown. 242 pp. \$4.00.

Reviewed by HARRIS DIENSTFREY

It is impossible to read any of Dan Jacobson's four novels without feeling how strongly they are suffused by his own humanity. Because he believes that every individual absorbs some of a society's corruption, his negative judgments are always compassionate ones, pronounced with a sense of pity and sorrow. All four novels deal with the tensions in South Africa, but *Evidence of Love*, the latest, is the first of them to span more than several weeks. This fact, that it covers something like eight years, not only points to the status of *Evidence* as Jacobson's first full-length novel; the time span also signifies an advance in both theme and subject matter.

Jacobson's first three books, *The Trap*, *A Dance in the Sun*, and *The Price of Diamonds*, portray people who unconsciously accept the assumptions of their society and then, to their surprise and occasionally against part of their will, find themselves actively supporting that society. These short novels give off the sense of being fables—tales of the inescapable. Characters continually edge themselves and others, and are edged in turn, into any one of the various consequences of apartheid and South African life—white boss, or “liberal” student, or diamond lover, or native: throughout their lives, their color and their countrymen seem to betray them into the behavior that is expected of them. In *The Trap*, a formerly calm and detached white farmer, facing an African who has lied and stolen his sheep, finally becomes a vicious, thrashing baas

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By Bruno Bettelheim

This brilliant new book by the author of *Love Is Not Enough* should not be unexpected by readers of *Commentary*. The theme of the book is urgent enough, but the special way the author has of looking at the problems will start the reader thinking in directions which may be less trite. More than ever before most of us yearn for a self-realization that eludes us, while we abide restless in the midst of plenty. The tedium and dissatisfaction with life are becoming so great that many are getting ready to let freedom slip out of their hands. Is it at all possible to preserve human autonomy in this mass age? Urgent prescriptions are to be found in two extreme but central life experiences of this generation, and it is the virtue of this book to use these to shed light on the everyday working of our lives. These are the efforts which have been made to restore dignity and autonomy to disturbed children through therapy, and the effort to destroy and degrade humanity in the concentration camps. . . . \$5.00

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who “knew he could go on until Willem was a pulp”; in *A Dance in the Sun*, a Dutchman and a native discover that their articulated hate and fear of each other only freeze their relation of master and servant; and in *The Price of Diamonds*, two South African Jews, partners for fifteen years, are suddenly alienated by the lust for diamonds with which they have secretly lived. All these people, in fact, live with and act out of a combination of secret desires and half-formed obsessions. The partners find “something harder than diamonds,” but the essential theme of the novels is always the profound ways a society manages to shape a man's being without his knowledge.

In *Evidence of Love*, the characters confront this shaping power directly and successfully resist it. Their actions express not the unconscious acceptance of their extremely demanding society, but the deliberate desire to oppose it. Jacobson's first novels were cameos of South Africa; they described situations. But in *Evidence*, Jacobson uses South Africa to provide the background for a struggle that leads to a conscious estimate of the “good life.” Simply

enough, then, *Evidence's* time span fulfills a necessary condition for developing the special consciousness that can make such an estimate.

JACOBSON intends his title quite seriously. The successful outcome of an individual's confrontation with his society, the success of an attempt to create for oneself something better than the way of life most typically offered, is specifically what the title calls it, "evidence of love." The "liberals" in *Evidence* who seek "a cause, or a duty—something which doesn't begin and end inside one precious self-contained little personality," do not succeed for the reason that they are without love; their supposed selflessness hides only a drive for power and the arrogance of imagined superiority. For Jacobson, what they seek—or what his best characters desire, to be their own people—cannot be achieved without love. He considers the connection to be even more of a piece: the very deepening of love almost alone reveals the "good way" and, even better, gives to an individual a true sense of his identity.

The main figure in *Evidence of Love* is Kenneth Makeer, a South African Cape Colored light enough to pass for white. Through the help of an elderly white woman, a solitary, idealistic "liberal" South African who teaches him to shun the prison of "self," Makeer receives an education and is sent to England to study law. He will not remain, of course; what he learns there, he learns for his family and for South Africa, not for himself. But when, suddenly, he hears of his sponsor's death, his faith abruptly leaves him: "he had seen for himself, looking deep into London, that there was no redemption for any people in history, only a continuation . . . but if that was the most he could hope for, then why not here, why not here?" Now that he knows he can always be "white," he finds that the self which must tell him who and what he is, no longer seems whole. He believes himself going mad.

But another South African in London, a young white girl, Isabel Last, and Makeer fall in love. Like Makeer, she too cannot order the contradictory, ambiguous pressures of her family, her country, and her desires; she and the world also seem perma-

nently at odds. When she discovers Makeer is a Cape Colored, she leaves him, selflessly, for she assumes that he had forsaken his own dream of "action and self-sacrifice" because of their love, not that he, like her, was grappling silently with the same confusions. But it is Makeer's brother who fiercely explains to her what she and Makeer should have believed in—the ideal truer than "selfless idealism"—and what she must do now: "If you really love him, go back to him. I love him, do you hear, he's my brother; but as true as God, if he comes back here [to South Africa] because he thinks I need him, I'll never forgive him. I live my own life; let him do the same.'" She returns to Makeer; they marry, and after living for two years in England, they purposely and for the last time go back to South Africa where the law declares their marriage illegal. Each sentenced to six months in jail (after which they will, by choice, live permanently in England), they are thus, in Makeer's words, "released from the public and political hatreds, the public and political guilts, which make ugly the most private and secret lives of everyone who lives in this country."

Together, the two of them have leapt triumphantly into a humanism that is individuality, into a unity of society and self; their strength in withstanding society's predetermined and so deadening traps of both left and right gives evidence of their love. This love is an act of *self*-creation, a complex of will and emotion; through it, each surpasses what shaped them—recognizes, understands, and transcends it. Those who do not love are captives. Yielding to the confusions and hatreds of their society, such people deny themselves and lose their chance for individuality and self-control. Makeer and Isabel are in love and free; the characters of Jacobson's earlier novels are neither.

YET, from another point of view, *Evidence of Love* is very similar to the early novels. The themes of hate-subjection and love-freedom, despite their antipodal opposition, actually involve the same reasoning; they are only alternative versions of a vision of the world in which the consequences of either love or hate are inevitable. The first three novels "posit" hate in their characters

(or, sometimes, lack of love), and their stories have an aura of being fables because Jacobson treats the action as if it were the ultimate and inevitable result of this hate. In depicting the distorted self-consciousness that can rationalize a behavior it also fearfully doubts, Jacobson makes this false self-consciousness the key characteristic of a strictly ordered series of reactions which proceed, without deviation, step by step.

In *Evidence of Love*, the given is love. *Evidence* does not contain the degree of inevitability demanded by *The Trap*, *A Dance in the Sun*, or *The Price of Diamonds*, but does not precisely because throughout most of it the two main characters, hovering on the edge of love, have not yet reached the point beyond which both individual realization and an embrace are equally natural. Once they love, however, then suddenly the world is clear and won, and freedom follows. Like the white farmer's pummeling of his native worker in *The Trap*, Makeer and Isabel's actions, given love, are also inevitable.

The turning point in *Evidence*—from the uncertain to the certain—occurs during a short, lyric exchange between Makeer and Isabel:

"I know what I am, now I love you again."

"We know ourselves through each other."

"But only when we are true to ourselves, apart."

"What a mystery it is, my love."

"A sweet mystery."

Identity and love and (implicitly) social action—those bewildering states—all meld harmoniously, so interjoined that to touch one, like a triphammer, releases them all. In the brief, remaining chapter, the two years elapse in which Makeer and Isabel marry and decide to return to South Africa to challenge its laws. Nothing in this chapter or the novel indicates that anything more could be said about their decision than that it was an act of great bravery; none of its other complexities are raised. The action has become inevitable.

With this ultimate inevitability, however, the crucial difference between the farmer of *The Trap* and Makeer or Isabel, true consciousness—the difference that makes the earlier novel much more simple than *Evidence of Love*, and defines, in fact, the precise advance of the latter—is suddenly quite

unimportant. The abrupt shift from a reality consistently being discovered and made, remade and re-discovered, to a reality of immediate obviousness, becomes—in a cruel contradiction—a betrayal of consciousness itself. The characters' triumph finally seems romantic, not real.

Yet as the meaning of the novel slowly emerges, *Evidence* always asserts both intellectual and emotional force. Jacobson achieves a prose which, as in his previous novels, is simultaneously constrained and lyric, as if the emotion charging it were too profound, too shaking to be completely articulated. At the same time, his lyricism overlays the descriptions with suggestions of denser, more ultimate meanings:

... in his imagination Kenneth followed her down, into the concrete tunnels beneath . . . ; he watched her as the men in raincoats on the platform watched her, covertly, their cheekbones gleaming in the electric light. Then the air roared . . . and her train rushed out of its dark hole, sloped in alongside the platform, came to its halt, sighed as the doors opened, sighed when they closed again. Like an animal bounding, rhythmically, the train went noisily away . . . : Kenneth stood unconscious at the head of the moving stairs, to which he had run too late to see her go.

The diffuse tones here of sadness, violence, and fatalism give to this not particularly important parting an ambiguous but intriguing significance.

The story of *Evidence* often jumps backward or ahead in time and thereby extends the knowledge of an event's causes or effects; or it moves from character to character and so reveals the event in different perspectives. Such jumps and moves compound the story's levels, just as they literally give the story away—by the third chapter of *Evidence of Love*, much of the plot has already been told. The structure, like the prose, makes the reader attend to meanings rather than events.

In *Evidence*, Jacobson asks nothing other than the question of how a man might become better than the society that has made him—how a man might become a hero. It is not a small question and, perhaps, a peculiarly modern one. If part of the answer is, indeed, that love is freedom and hate subjection, yet such a formulation remains incomplete. But because Jacobson attrib-

utes an almost complete determinism to love and hate in general, he is forced to ignore the hard complexities produced by the many kinds of love, the many kinds of hate. Were he to detach himself in a future novel from this broad, undifferentiated commitment to Love and from his equally undifferentiated opposition to Hate, that novel would be a more important advance over *Evidence* than it is over the previous books; such a novel, questioning the most central of Jacobson's own beliefs, could fulfill what *Evidence* has begun.

Renaissance Jews

THE JEWS IN THE RENAISSANCE. By CECIL ROTH. The Jewish Publication Society of America. 380 pp. \$5.00.

Reviewed by GERALD STRAUSS

IN THE dismal chronicle that records the existence of Jews among their host peoples, the age of the Italian Renaissance stands out as a period of uncommon liberality. Cosmopolitan in outlook and experimental, the Renaissance held out a hand—at arm's length, to be sure—to European Jewry, inviting collaboration in fashioning the new society. The Jews, stemming from an ancient people, and traditionally masters of certain arcane sciences, could serve their Italian patrons as guides to the disciplines of philology and mathematics. For a time philo-Semitism invaded the palazzi of the rich and the powerful, of rulers and popes; in the case of the popes, such philo-Semitic sentiment has never ceased to cause dismay in certain quarters. As late as the 1920's Ludwig Pastor, the great Catholic historian of the papacy, could still speak of the "great and in many cases certainly excessive, indulgence which the Popes of the Renaissance period, especially Alexander VI, Leo X, and lastly Paul III, had shown to the Jews." But the reaction was not slow in coming. It began under Julius III (1550–1555), who ordered the Talmud committed to the flames, and it reached its climax with the Bull of Paul IV, issued in the first year of his reign, 1555, which instituted the ghetto system in the papal territories. Jews were specifically commanded to live apart from Christians, in an area that had only one en-

trance and egress. Personal contact between Christians and Jews was almost impossible.

What had happened was, of course, the Protestant Reformation and the general truculence, intolerance, and doctrinal rigor it brought on. The trend toward religious universalism, so noticeable in the thought of Renaissance intellectuals, came to an end—a laissez-faire attitude in religion was no longer thinkable. The Jews were among the victims of the new rigidity, and though the marks of their acceptance during the brief Renaissance never altogether disappeared, their era of good feeling with the Gentile world was over.

CECIL ROTH, the well-known historian of Jewish life, has written in *The Jews in the Renaissance* the account of the "reciprocal process" (as he puts it) which made it possible for Jews to share in and contribute to the intellectual efflorescence of the short-lived Italian Renaissance. Roth limits his description to an area in Italy bounded by Rome and Milan, Genoa and Venice, with only an occasional excursion to France and Iberia. In the Italian peninsula, the historical tradition of Jewish settlements was unbroken—expulsion and persecution could only be local in non-unified countries like Italy; and the imaginative, mercurial spirit of Renaissance Italy provided an ideal milieu for the unfolding of Jewish gifts.

The book begins with the transfer, in the 14th century, of Jewish activities from the southern part of the peninsula to the central and northern parts. The traditional textile trades continued to engage Jewish interest, but the age that follows is, of course, dominated by the well-known figure of the moneylender, usually invited by civil authorities to set up his loan bank in town. Around a family or two of such loan bank proprietors, the Jewish community clustered. These business magnates determined the group's assimilation. Roth describes them: "Like the merchant princes of the Italian city-states, the loan bankers sat at home and waited for the profits to accrue. Meanwhile, they had ample leisure to busy themselves with cultural matters and, encouraged all the more by the example of their Gentile neighbors, they did so with all their might."

By the time of the high Renaissance, Jews reflected their environment in almost all

its aspects. Roth's book shows us Jews as printers, musicians, art patrons, and even as artists. They were scholars and physicians, of course, but also imitators of Dante, scenic designers, rhetoricians, alchemists and astrologers, and architects. Some latinized their names, or imitated their confreres' far-fetched etymological experiments, such as deriving *Accademia* from the Hebrew *Eked* (assembly) and *Adam*, in order to approve a pagan title for a Jewish institution. The incredible Gracia Mendes, a Marrano Jewess from Portugal, managed one of the great banking houses of the time, patronized artists and scholars, and employed her business agents in the operation of a vast underground railway which moved Marranos from Spain and Portugal to havens in Italy and Turkey. Representatives of the English crown consulted Jewish experts about the validity according to Biblical law of Henry's marriage to Catherine of Aragon. We learn, too, about the incidence of crime in Jewish communities, and Roth reports the remark of some wit made shortly after the condemnation of the Talmud, that now that their own laws had been declared blasphemous, Jews were free to live by the code of the *Decameron*. One becomes aware, as in all Jewish history, of the extraordinary dependence of Jewish life and culture on the environment, on specific external factors—the Jewish community regularly followed the Medici in and out of Florence, as the fortunes of that family fluctuated.

Renaissance Italy provided the stage for a sustained and largely successful act of assimilation; in fact, there was achieved for a time—particularly in Mantua—a kind of coherence of Hebrew and Italian culture. But remarkable as it was, it was far from a synthesis. Roth writes on his very last page: "We have to remember that [friendly relations between Jewish and non-Jewish circles] were, if not the exception, certainly not the rule—and without this atmosphere the common cultural tradition could not produce perfect fruits."

Roth's book itself falls somewhat short in its failure to probe into this basic discordance between Christians and Jews. The gulf was obviously a religious, not a social or ethnic, one: "A permanently close relationship in the modern sense between followers of opposing faiths was then out of the question,

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or nearly so." But the historical record demands that this fact be placed in proper perspective, which Roth fails to do. His book suffers from a singleness of viewpoint. He evinces, for example, a certain naivety about the period, the bibliography alone revealing that his view of the Renaissance has hardly been formed by modern scholarship.

While this may be distasteful only to the Renaissance specialist, a more serious objection is that the author's almost exclusive concentration on the Jewish heroes of his narrative often blurs the historical picture after leaving us with an altogether out-of-balance view of the Jewish role in Renaissance culture. Some topics cry out for a comparative study: translations from Arabic and Hebrew, geography and travel descriptions, etc. Concentrating on the Jewish role, moreover, can run to the kind of conjecture that seeks to identify "Jewish types" in Renaissance paintings. This serves only a parochial interest, while doing nothing to increase historical understanding.

Finally and most seriously, the Christian religious judgment of Jews and Judaism receives no mention. Yet it is Christian intolerance and abhorrence, based on articles of faith, which determined the relations of Jew and non-Jew and fixed the place of Jews in the Gentile world. Without a consideration of this question the ethos of Jewish-Christian associations in early modern times must remain a mystery. How was it, for example, that the Hebrews of the Old Testament were admired and the Jews in contemporary society disdained? How could it be said (in a history of the Hebrews printed in Basel in 1515) that Livy offered no example of virtue which the record of the ancient Hebrews does not improve upon, while in contemporary pamphlet literature Jews were placed below infidel Turks in degradation? Roth calls it "paradoxical" that Italian cities, having excluded Jews from residence while they practiced respected occupations, willingly let them return to engage in the unlovable and unloved trade of usury. But there is nothing paradoxical about it, once the Christian religious attitude toward Jews is grasped. The Jews of the Renaissance seem to have realized the special nature of their alienation from Christian society, hence their readiness (which Roth deplores) to overlook what

they had suffered and to come to terms with their oppressors, for example to serve Spanish lords and English sovereigns. But the historian tends not to lean to value judgments, and Roth renders none. If his study is somewhat parochial in approach, it is nevertheless exhaustive within its own purview. It draws a compelling picture of the Jewish experience during the Italian Renaissance—we are not likely soon to have a better book of its kind.

Marriage as a Way of Life

AMERICAN MARRIAGE. By RUTH SHONLE CAVAN. Thomas Y. Crowell. 490 pp. \$6.95.

Reviewed by MIDGE DECTER

"He's your fella.

You're his woman—

That's all you need to know" (Carousel, Act II).

THE appearance of a volume like *American Marriage* acts to remind one that there are colleges in the United States offering courses in how to have a happy marriage. The book is a textbook, complete with discussion questions and suggested readings at the end of each chapter—designed, as the author states in her preface, "primarily for young people with middle-class backgrounds, since experience has shown that these young people are very numerous in college courses and discussion groups on preparation for marriage." All the possible problems arising for someone of marriageable age are examined here: dating, premarital sexual intimacies, love, picking the right mate, engagement, wedding arrangements, marital adjustments, budgeting, birth control—and, interestingly enough, mixed marriages (both religious and racial).

It seems to be a characteristic of our civilization that only its most precious artifacts can be taken for granted, while elementary biological functions and social institutions so universal as to be almost a condition of nature must now become objects of full consciousness. The same young people of middle-class backgrounds who are so "numerous" in marriage classes will drive automobiles, live in the newest style of

housing replete with the very latest in electrical comforts, and engage in revolutionary forms of work and recreation without giving it a second thought—certainly without imagining that they have any other choice. But it is only with the aid of innumerable guides, texts, discussions, and classes that these young people approach marriage and sex. And they may even devote years of study to the matter of conceiving and giving birth to a baby and to the question of how most effectively to love their children. (Nothing, I think, indicates more clearly the lengths to which self-consciousness has driven us than the recent popularity of the movement to reinstate “natural” childbirth.)

Nor need it be regarded as ironic that within ten or fifteen years probably one out of five of the marriages and families so carefully considered will break down. Marriage has in fact become something of a mystery; and like all mysteries, the power of its image is only strengthened by a measure of internal contradiction. One can very easily imagine, then, that the dean or professor who decides to include family living in a college curriculum does so not out of any simple progressive belief in his obligation to “fit the students for life,” but rather in response to a popular need for some non-technical specialization in a knotty subject.

In any case, the student who takes up *American Marriage* will find that he has enrolled in a hard and elusive course—one that involves the flexing of every last bit of his will and personality and yet whose conditions he can do nothing about. “You may place yourself in the sequence [‘step by step from early dating to the early stage of family building’].” Professor Cavan tells him, “review your past experiences, and look forward to the logical future steps.” The end of his studies—his final examination, as it were—is to be his own happy marriage, and this in turn (he will learn from the discussion of “Enduring Love”) depends on his successful adaptation to a “we-group.” Moreover, while Professor Cavan assures him that his preparation for marriage consists of “all [his] experience from birth on,” he will not be able to earn an A in the course except precisely by doing violence to what must have been his experience had he ever been permitted to have any. For the happy

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marriage he must achieve is no longer that institution, founded on solid rock, which creates a rational economic organization for the family; nor even that shakier institution whose function is to thrust him into adulthood and responsibility. In fact, it is no institution at all, but a "relationship"—the expression of his capacity for "we-feelings": on the basis of which he is to create a family and a home; to the furthering of which he entirely gives over his choice of friends, recreation, habits, hobbies, his professional aspirations, standards of conduct, and his values; in which he must find his "deepest sexual expression" and otherwise bear witness to a constant and unfailing love. Perhaps most important of all, marriage is the mirror in which he must see the only reflection of himself as a valuable, decent, mature, and happy person. And all of this—at least according to the unrevised official rules—with one mate.

(If, in addition, our student is a male, he will quickly learn that the whole enterprise—like the games of "potsy" and the skipping ropes of his childhood—has been set up to disadvantage his natural talents. In parked cars, and later in the marriage bed, his virtues as a lover will be found in his ability to submit to female terms and desires; and those as a father will be measured by his capacity for participating in his wife's pregnancy, delivery, and physical care of the children. His success in the world of affairs will be credited to him insofar as they contribute to the welfare of his family, and in that event, will be credited equally to his wife. He will be working hard, as he has been taught, to support his household, and then will happily and considerately cast his one vote in its democratic process of making decisions.)

The young seekers-after-the-good-marriage, however, are apt not to cavil at the unreality of these teachings, just as Professor Cavan finds little occasion to take note of the phenomenal divorce rate in this country—and for the same reason. Most likely teacher and class will be engaged in a peculiar conspiracy of silence on the matter. That the kind of marriage so precisely delineated here is more and more leading to divorce—or at the least to a restlessness and discontent and dislocation staggering in their dimensions—is beside the point: which is,

that it will certainly lead to *something*. This book, for all the sociological studies it cites, makes no attempt to contend with the real problems that have been afflicting marriages in the last generation; what it does succeed in doing is to project the terms by which everyone can convince himself that the abstraction "marriage" is something worth contending with, deserving of the greatest effort and highest aspiration. Professor Cavan's course is after all a form of training for citizenship; what she and her students really discuss together is a Way of Life (the subtitle of the book) that will bring them willingly into the neat little houses and neat little destinies society has prepared for them. By making that way of life marriage, particularly marriage at its most problematical, thousands of young Americans may be persuaded that living in the organization and in front of the television screen is not the void it seems: it wants only a little more digging into the self, a little more intensification of personal preoccupation, to take on meaning. Who would not—in exchange for having *some* sense of purpose—be willing to occupy himself with marital bliss? It seems a small price to pay.

The Radicalism of Hamlin Garland

CRUMBLING IDOLS: TWELVE ESSAYS ON ART DEALING CHIEFLY WITH LITERATURE, PAINTING AND THE DRAMA. By HAMLIN GARLAND. Edited, with an introduction, by JANE JOHNSON. Harvard University Press. 150 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by LEO MARX

CRUMBLING IDOLS is an earnest, slapdash, literary manifesto first published in 1894 and now reissued by the John Harvard Library as one of "a rich store" of scarce American books "of importance to Western man." It is difficult to imagine which Western man the Harvard editors have in mind. To be sure, this is a useful document for students of American culture; it is handsomely produced, and Jane Johnson contributes a competent scholarly introduction. But why is it necessary, nowadays, to magnify the value of third-rate American books? The editors suggest that *Crumbling Idols* makes

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a significant "contribution to the theory of realism," and that it is "still exciting" for the general reader. To put it mildly, these claims are extravagant. Perhaps we should ignore what publishers say on dust jackets, but this, after all, is not a commercial house; it is a great university press performing a public service. Besides, the booster spirit is catching. Even Miss Johnson gets in a circumlocutionary puff by describing the author as a not "wholly original thinker," and if there is anything that this shallow book makes plain, it is that Hamlin Garland was no thinker. His first sentence explains that *Crumbling Idols* is not a history or a formal essay but just a "series of suggestions." Why, then, try to make it something more?

The issue would not be worth raising if this were an isolated case, but it is not. In today's great bull market, literary values, like most others, are being inflated beyond all reason. Nor is the Wall Street idiom inappropriate. The prestige of American writing in particular has been inflated by the wealth of teaching posts, fellowships, Fulbright awards, research grants, and publishing subsidies open to "Americanists." Since part of the inflationary pressure comes from worthy ventures like the John Harvard Li-

brary, the editors have a special obligation to keep values in line.

Having said all this, we can still be grateful for the new edition of *Crumbling Idols*. The book's lack of intrinsic merit does not impair its usefulness as a historical document. On the contrary, its flaws illuminate the connection between a certain way of thinking about literature and the shortcomings of many American writers who also have been radicals in politics.

At the time of the Populist uprising, Hamlin Garland made his mark as a literary spokesman for his people, the oppressed Midwestern farmers. He had come to Boston from Iowa in 1884 and there, in the reading room of the public library, he gave himself an education. His masters were Spencer, Darwin, Taine, Ibsen, Henry George, and Walt Whitman. Inspired by native realists like Howe, Kirkland, and Howells, he wrote stories about the grim life of settlers on bleak prairie farms. By 1891 he had published *Main-Travelled Roads*, a collection that contains his best work.

These stories are still moving. They draw their power from Garland's luminous indignation. Nothing in print conveys the mood of our Victorian peasant revolt like

the impotent rage of these aspiring, lonely farmers caught in the trap of advancing industrial capitalism. Like Henry George, Garland hated the system, and he saw that there was an affinity between the system and romance, the dominant mode of popular fiction at that time. What Garland chiefly disliked about the romance was the image it created of a glorious West. In his view, this image was like a pretty screen designed to spare the sensibility of a genteel, Eastern audience. He felt that his mission was to take his readers behind the screen, and in a sense he did. In the West of *Main-Travelled Roads*, for example, both man and nature can be cruel. Pitiless landlords crush decent farmers, 'hoppers devour their crops, and happy endings are rare.

For a few years, while Populism was a political force, Garland behaved like a serious writer bent on devising a mode to fit his subject. A radical in politics, he gave the impression of being a radical in literature. And yet he could not identify himself with the other literary innovators of his day, the realists and naturalists. The ideal of scientific objectivity left him cold, and the candor of writers like Zola repelled him. Around 1890 he began to work out his own position. He called the new creed, which he expounds in *Crumbling Idols*, veritism.

Garland's cloudy doctrine is typical,



homespun, American avant-garde. A Darwinist, he opposes all fixed literary models. He stands for regional authenticity, innovation, and, above all, self-expression: "Art, I must insist, is an individual thing—the question of one man facing certain facts and telling his individual relations to them. His first care must be to present his own concept. This is, I believe, the essence of veritism. . . ." Central to this crude notion of literature is the illusion that a direct, unmediated transfer of experience into art is possible. Garland's boast is that his ideas are generated more or less spontaneously by interaction with the environment. "I am a Western man; my hopes and ambitions for the West arise from absolute knowledge of its possibilities. I want to see its prairies, its river banks, and coules, its matchless skies, put upon canvas." Garland's primary allegiance is to nature. He admires the impressionist painters because he thinks they owe all to nature, nothing to art. In its extreme form this primitivist aesthetic completely blurs the distinction between nature and art. "These United States," said Whitman, "are essentially the greatest poem." An avowed follower of Whitman, Garland wants the prairies "put upon canvas." Now this position, however indefensible as a theory, can be immensely encouraging to a writer like Whitman who is bent on cutting loose from inherited forms. But Garland was no Whitman, and in retrospect the most striking thing about *Crumbling Idols* is the fraudulence of its militant avant-garde tone. The book was published in 1894; by 1900 Garland was busy turning out just the sort of hackneyed romances he had deprecated, and although he lived until 1940, he never again associated himself with the advance party in literature.

What had happened? The fact is that Garland never had been a genuine literary innovator. True, while his moral indignation was at its peak, he had taken his readers behind the façade of romance. But what he showed them, actually, was the reverse side of the convention. Hence even his best work has an over-simple and melodramatic cast. Although he rejected those aspects of the popular mode that offended him on political grounds, he made no effort to develop a new language of thought and feeling. But then his notion of the writer's job hardly

encouraged that kind of effort. By stressing the simple, representational function of literature, the theory justified him in passing off radical subject matter as radical writing. In the absence of a new mentality the old one survived. In *Idols* the conventional mind of the romancer constantly betrays itself:

If the past was dark and battleful and bloody and barbarous, the future will be peaceful and sunny. If the past celebrated lust and and greed and love of power, the future will celebrate continence and humility and altruism.

What is this prophecy but the usual ending of romance applied to history? Like many of our radical writers of the 30's, Garland simulated membership in the avant-garde chiefly by turning cultural stereotypes inside out.

If there is any lesson in this story, it is that political and literary non-conformity, though they may look alike, really are quite different. Garland's allegiance to Populism was genuine enough, but his literary doctrine was, in the pure sense of the word, reactionary. By 1851 Hawthorne and Melville had effectively subverted the romance. While seeming to work within the convention, they denied its premises. They used the external trappings of romance, but their conception of reality was closer to that of the naturalists. Garland's secret aim was the opposite. He tried to use the surface texture of realism to disguise the premises of romance.

Specialists in Violence

THE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER: A SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PORTRAIT. By MORRIS JANOWITZ. The Free Press. 464 pp. \$6.75.

Reviewed by ANDREW HACKER

GENERALS and admirals are figures of no little mystery. Their well-fitting uniforms, their disciplined posture, their disconcerting good looks all combine to suggest that they are not like the rest of us—a breed apart, somehow. They keep their mouths shut and do not speak unless they are spoken to; and they wear the mantle of experts: professionals in violence. Like all professionals, they have a store of knowledge and the will

to use it. We cannot do without the services of these erect, quiet men. Yet we know very little about what manner of men they are.

From Professor Morris Janowitz of the University of Michigan come some answers to the military mystery (sociology is at its top form here). *The Professional Soldier* is a study of the colonels, captains, and one- and two-star generals and admirals who are slated for top positions in the very near future. Making use of elaborate questionnaires and intensive personal interviews, Janowitz has put the right questions and elicited some fascinating answers. An interesting point immediately emerges: America's military leaders are made, not born. The several hundred officers who were studied come from lower-middle- as well as upper-middle-class origins. Virtually none of them are upper class in the sense of belonging to Social Register families. Their beginnings, in fact, were rural rather than urban: the study shows that 66 per cent of the army, 56 per cent of the navy, and 70 per cent of the air force officers came from farms and small towns. (This contrasts with the business executives studied by Lloyd Warner and James Abegglen, only 26 per cent of whom were of rural origins.) In religion, they are chiefly Protestant: the largest single group, by the time they have reached the higher echelons, classify themselves as Episcopalians. However, the number of Catholics would seem to be growing, especially in the less tradition-bound air force. But Jews do not elect a career at arms: out of 2,177 cadets in the classes of 1959, 1960, and 1961 at West Point, only 15 were Jewish.

The rural preponderance would itself suggest an inauspicious high school education for these men, and the curriculum of the service academies stresses engineering with out-of-class emphasis on athletics. Obviously, too, the military career allows little opportunity for exposure to the "outside" during the formative years: one's life is spent on ship and in camp, with one's fellow officers and their wives. Only as the higher ranks and maturer years are approached does the officer begin to make substantial contact with the civilian world—on the whole, he works best in the environment he knows best. If he cultivates an appearance of laconic self-assurance, this is as

much a protective device against the hostility of civilian society as anything else.

Why do these military men choose a career of killing? The simple fact is that more and more of them do not look at it in this light. Janowitz gives impressive evidence that the "heroic leader" is becoming the exception rather than the rule. Most modern officers are better styled "military managers"—increasingly expert in the lore of technological warfare. Many took to uniform, and this is especially the case in the air force, because a free education at the college level was offered. (The lower-middle-class and rural backgrounds must not be forgotten.) Others were "army brats" and followed, as do sons of other business and professional men, in their fathers' footsteps. Those seeking glory are outnumbered by those building careers. If the picture is one of organization men, the difference between U. S. Steel and the U. S. Army is that the military managers are more attuned to the professional outlook. The officers are no less politically conservative than their opposite numbers in business, and if they voted with any regularity they would surely support the Republicans (or the Southern Democrats) down the line. Yet they retain a faint disdain for the commercial life. But to repeat: only a small minority look on themselves as men charged with the mission of taking human life. To the majority the military profession is a useful and honorable job.

THOSE who succeed in the job, who become generals and admirals, are top executives by any evaluation. And as is the case with all men who are given heavy responsibilities, the expectation arises—partly from inside, partly from outside the services themselves—that the military men will have views of their own on matters of policy. Officers usually respond by taking one of two ideological stances: the "absolutist" school believes in fighting a war to the finish, defeating the enemy and getting it over with; the "pragmatic" school has accepted the idea of limited war, with limited budgets and limited objectives. The first view was given sharpest expression by MacArthur and his supporters in Korea, and remains today the dominant outlook of the air force. In the "pragmatic" camp are to be found the more

anonymous managerial types of the army and navy, prepared to engage in police actions which simply hold the line. Janowitz's sympathies are plainly with this side, and his portrait of the absolutists at times approaches caricature. The get-it-over quick syndrome of the absolutists, according to Janowitz, is more often rhetoric than reality. The fact is that American military policy since 1945 has been fundamentally pragmatic, and when paper tiger absolutists like Admiral Radford are floated, it is out of a politic unwillingness to admit that our objectives are indeed limited. Radford himself was appointed chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff as a concession to the Republican jingoists just at the time that Eisenhower was making it clear that he would continue with Truman's pragmatic approach. Janowitz offers an imaginative hypothesis as to why certain officers divide between the two schools. The pragmatists, by and large, held their commands during World War II in the European theater, while the absolutists saw their experience in Asia. But World War II was a single-front war for all but the final year, and the officers in the Pacific felt that they were short-changed on men and materials and public support. Their frustration left deep scars, and they have since sought to redress the injustice they believed done not only to themselves but to the military cause. To be sure, the old Asia hands are retiring. But if the absolutist outlook is on the decline in the army and navy, in the new and independent air force it is as vigorous as ever, though often deceptive because its proponents are managerial rather than heroic types: speaking the language of total destruction in soft accents and by means of a technical vocabulary.

THE professional officers are fully aware of their subordinate status as decreed by law and custom, and they are willing to accept what is vaguely called "civilian control." Any problems that arise here have mainly to do with the civilians. First of all, it is not clear, judging from the evidence of the past several years, whether civilian officials in the Department of Defense always wish to see carried out the policies they profess to have. Charles E. Wilson of General Motors was Secretary of Defense from 1953 to 1957,

and presumably a civilian policy-maker; yet Janowitz mentions him only once, in an unimportant connection. Perhaps what is needed in addition to an examination of the political outlooks of the military men is a study of the military outlooks of the civilian politicians. It is with genuine reluctance that a military man will give "his own" views to a Congressional committee, and he does so only when pressed. But in the Congress itself, no small number of Senators and Representatives from time to time give vent to their political frustrations by engaging in absolutist military panegyrics of far greater intensity than any general or admiral—one needs only recall the Joint Session reception given to the cashiered MacArthur. Arm-chair strategists of the heroic-leader mold are plentiful among Congressmen who would love to see matters come to a head. But the tough-minded talk heard on Capitol Hill is often enough matched by a pragmatic forbearance along Pennsylvania Avenue: a general-turned-president can, it is evident, be far more cautious than the solons of a peace-loving people.

Finally, it must be asked if our military managers are capable of defending us in the event of another shooting war. The suggestion that the heroic leaders are a passing breed was hotly denied by one young West Point graduate I know. In actual combat—he asserted—the military will appreciate the need for heroes, who will then receive rapid promotion: these heroes will emerge when needed from behind the desks where they are now chafing and where they are currently overshadowed by the organization men. But what about the amateurs who must be conscripted when the real fighting begins, who are no less important than the professional soldiers to a nation's security? The experience of our men in Korean prisoner-of-war camps—not to mention the general combat record of our civilians-at-arms—shows that Americans are not cut out for being good soldiers. Not only do we demand luxuries even at the front lines, we are reluctant to accept the discipline that defies our democratic upbringing. And, most significant, the evidence is accumulating that we have no conception of what we are fighting for or even if it is worth fighting at all. Articles in *Life* magazine which "attempt to articulate the national purpose"

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are too little and too late. One may say that if a nation is in the attempt-stage in its efforts to give expression to a national purpose, the odds are great that it no longer has one. Still, there is no cause to worry about our professional soldiers: they will not let us down and they will not overstep their authority unless we ask them to. The real

problems involve the amateurs, the civilian soldiers who will have to fill the ranks and occupy the front lines. To raise such misgivings is to pose troublesome questions about the strength of our society and the morale of the people who comprise it. Our best hope is, clearly, that our military heroism will not have to be put to the test.

Some Recent Jewish Books

Karaites in Byzantium, by Zvi Ankori (Columbia University Press and Weizmann Science Press of Israel, 546 pp., \$10.00).

Karaism, an anti-talmudic and anti-rabbinic movement, arose among the Jews of Babylonia more than a thousand years ago and flourished there, in Palestine, and in Egypt for a few centuries. Karaite scholarship is unusually demanding even for the *Wissenschaft des Judentums*, because besides the normal mastery of rabbinic literature, it requires a close knowledge of Arabic, medieval Near Eastern history, and Muslim theology and sectarianism, among other things. For this impressive work, the first volume in a series that will cover the history of Karaism in Europe to our days, the author had to be a good deal of a Byzantinist too. The different stages of what was later to receive the unitary name of Karaism, the Jewishness of the Karaites, and the attraction and repulsion between Karaites and Rabbanites come through clearly.

Reform Responsa, by Solomon B. Freehof (Hebrew Union College Press, 226 pp., \$6.00).

Responsa is Latin for *teshuvot*, the answers given by rabbinical authorities to knotty questions of law, usually submitted by other rabbis. Since Reform rejects the continued validity of Jewish law, the questions here are about the "spirit" of the law, and the answers are advisory, not decisive, though based on an impressive mastery of the traditional legal literature. For historians, even if they are uninterested in legal matters, responsa are useful as throwing incidental light on social and economic history. From this book a future historian may learn much about American Jewry in the 20th century—rabbis solemnizing marriages between Gentiles, Gentile bridesmaids, Jewish burials in Christian cemeteries, com-

munal mausoleums replacing individual graves and cremation replacing burial, naming a congregation, and the like.

A Modern Treasury of Jewish Thoughts, edited by Sidney Greenberg (Thomas Yoseloff, 465 pp., \$4.95).

A genre unknown to the critics but of some importance to publishers is the Bar Mitzvah book, of which this *Treasury* is a good example. It will be bought, presented, and not read. If read, it will be found to contain testimonials to Judaism and exhortations to Jewish fidelity. Platitudes and pearls of rhetoric all but choke off the good things, and temple bulletins are cited as readily as Maimonides.

The Story of David Ben-Gurion, by Barnett Litvinoff (Valentine, Mitchell, 160 pp., 12s. 6d.).

A juvenile. At best, a biography of a living man is a tricky thing to manage, but this comes close to hero worship. What is more, while no one could hope to succeed fully in explaining to children the political and ideological bases of Zionism and the course of European history in the 20th century, this book oversimplifies probably even more than necessary. A pity, because Litvinoff is an able writer, and England is where this kind of thing is done well.

Great Jewish Personalities in Ancient and Medieval Times, edited by Simon Noveck (The B'nai B'rith Great Books Series; Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, 351 pp., \$4.95).

A biographical approach to a history of Jewish thought. Adult educators may find in it useful supplementary readings for, say, a course based on Hadassah's *Great Ages and Ideas of the Jewish People*, edited by Leo Schwarz. The first of the twelve chapters is about Moses and the last about Elijah

Gaon of Vilna (since for Jews the Middle Ages lasted to the 18th century and beyond). The best are Harry Orlinsky's *Moses*, Edwin R. Goodenough's *Philo*, Louis Finkelstein's *Akiva*, Salo Baron's *Maimonides*.

The Guide to Israel, by Zev Vilnay (enlarged and revised edition, World Publishing Company, 576 pp., \$5.00).

An excellent, thorough Baedeker for Israel, with information both about synagogues, churches, and mosques and about hotels, electricity, and road signs. Profusely illustrated; many apposite quotations from the Bible and classical authors; strong on archaeology.

Giants of Justice, by Albert Vorspan (Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 260 pp., \$3.75).

Fourteen brief biographies of American Jews, or Jews who have lived in America (Einstein, Dubinsky, Louis Marshall, Stephen Wise, etc.), to illustrate the ethno-ethico-psychobiological proposition that "the desire to build a better world has sunk deep into the chromosomes, the bones, the blood, the memory, and the soul of the Jew"

—defined as "a many-splendored thing. He defies category."

The biographies themselves are unsatisfactory. For instance, Henry Cohen, "the man who stayed in Texas," was a young Orthodox rabbi from England when he became a Reform rabbi here. Why did he change? Did he have a crisis of conscience? He was famous for his good deeds in Galveston and Texas generally. How was he on race relations and the notorious vice and corruption in his city? The questions are not even asked, let alone answered. The book seems to be intended principally for members of the social-justice committees of Reform synagogues. They deserve better.

Jews in Colonial Brazil, by Arnold Wiznitzer (Columbia University Press, 227 pp., \$7.00).

A solid, useful, and original work on the pre-history of the handful of Jews who landed in New Amsterdam in 1654 and of the larger number who earlier had established rather more important communities in the West Indies. It is about Marranos, the Inquisition, and war in Brazil between Protestant Holland and Catholic Portugal.

—MILTON HIMMELFARB

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is professor of English at Amherst.

HARRIS DIENSTFREY is an assistant editor of COMMENTARY.

MIDGE DECTER is a frequent contributor.

GERALD STRAUSS, appearing here for the first time, teaches history at Indiana University.

LEO MARX, another new contributor, teaches English at Amherst College.

ANDREW HACKER, in the Department of Government at Cornell, is working on a study of American elites.

MILTON HIMMELFARB is one of our contributing editors.

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